

54164
6/22

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

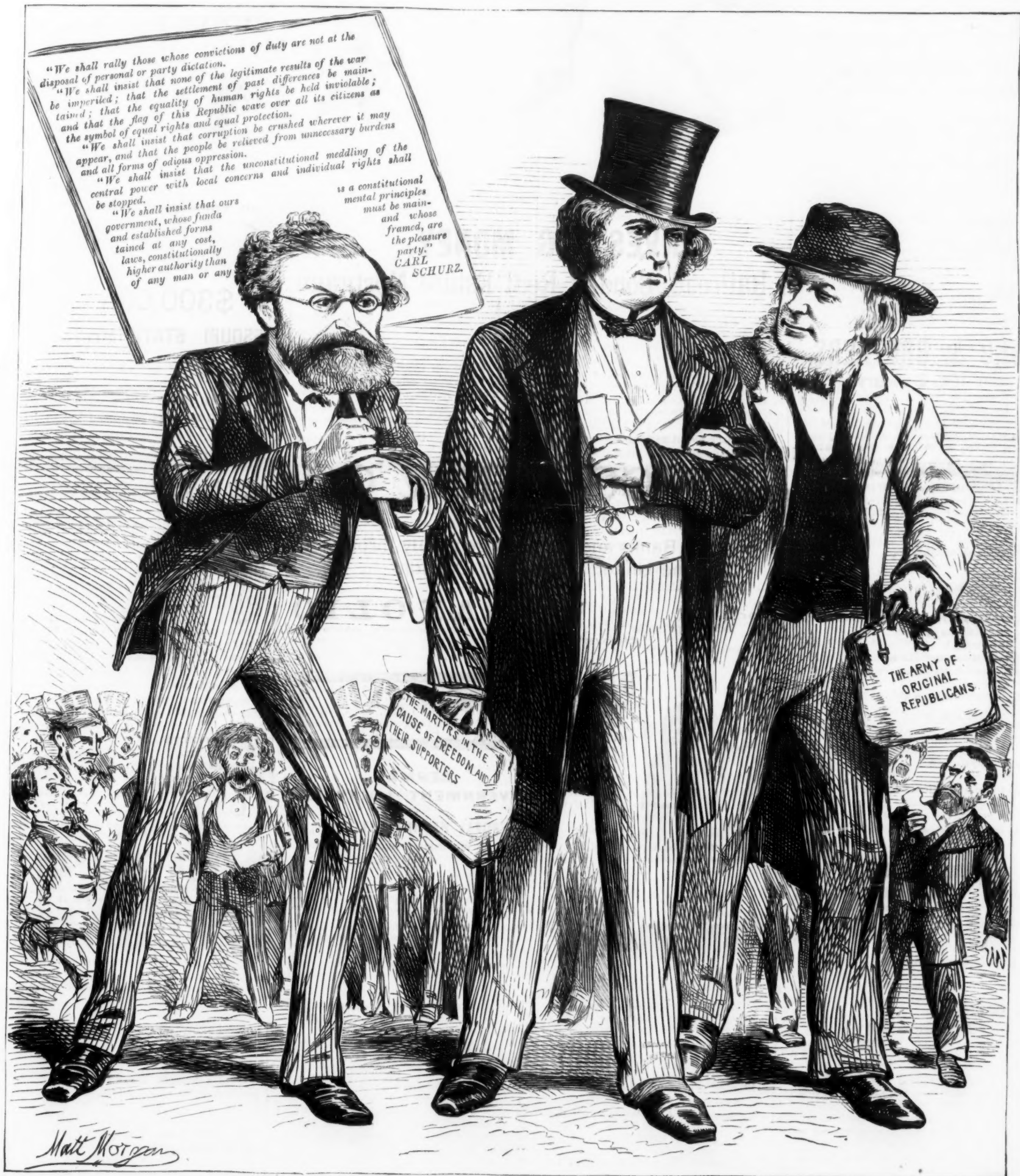
Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by FRANK LESLIE, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

No. 867—Vol. XXXIV.]

NEW YORK, MAY 11, 1872.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS.

\$4 00 YEARLY.
13 WEEKS, \$1 00.



RISING ABOVE PARTY.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, MAY 11, 1872.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

One copy one year, or 52 numbers - \$4.00
One copy six months, or 26 numbers - 2.00
One copy for thirteen weeks - 1.00

CLUB TERMS.

Five copies one year, in one wrapper, to one address, \$20, with extra copy to person getting up club.

NOTICE.

Persons wishing to renew their subscriptions to FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER will confer a favor on the Publisher by sending in their names at the earliest convenient moment, before their present subscription expires.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is the oldest established Illustrated Paper in America.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO THE LADIES.

FRANK LESLIE'S

Lady's Journal.

With the next number, FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S JOURNAL begins its Second Volume. The treats that have been offered throughout Volume I. will continue in the succeeding Volume. No efforts have been or will be spared to insure for this beautiful publication the esteem and appreciation it deserves.

THE SPLENDID FASHION DESIGNS

Will continue in undiminished excellence, and the art pictures, humorous cuts and literary departments will add additional interest to the first-named feature. With the next issue, a Title-page and Index to the Volume just completed will be given as a Supplement, gratis.

ON TO CINCINNATI.

"THE REVOLT HAS BECOME A REVOLUTION."

THE words above quoted heralded the downfall of the old French dynasty, and led to the great French Revolution. Their repetition in Pennsylvania to-day foreshadows the downfall of another tyranny, which, calling itself "Republican," has disgraced that name, but which is equally doomed.

The house of Grant is now as fated as that of the Capets—his fall as sure, now that the "revolt" has really and truly become a "revolution;" yet he and his camp-followers are as deaf and blind to the signs of the times as were Louis and his nobles, who scoffed at the "revolt," whose significance they did not comprehend.

But the difference in the doom of two men, tried and found wanting by an indignant people, is as wide as the interval of time which separates us from that era.

France could not rid herself of her incubus without walking through a vale of blood and tears—without making a revolution and decapitating a king.

More fortunate than she, we can make our revolution a peaceful and a bloodless one, through the simple influence of free suffrage, putting our President on trial, not for his life, but for his place, and dismissing him to the shades of private life as his only penalty and punishment.

But that revolution is impending now, and he must be willfully blind who cannot see it.

The revolt, initiated by a few brave and truthful men in Congress, who could neither be bribed nor bullied, and by a few outsiders disgusted by promises of reform, which resulted in no performance, has really and truly become a revolution; and it now becomes a question with every honest and true Republican in the country (be he such by name or nature) whether his true headquarters and rallying-point be not really at Cincinnati rather than Philadelphia.

In fact, there can now be left little doubt on this subject; for the adhesions to the new movement within the last few weeks have been of such a character as to stamp Cincinnati as the true rallying-point for all true Republicans who favor the cardinal articles of the good old creed—"Free Soil, Free Men, and Free Speech"—all three of which Grant and his partisans are seeking so overthrow.

For, as to "Free Soil," what have they done either to secure or confirm it? True, General Grant, as chief of the army, conquered a peace; but he was merely the instrument, not the originator, of that great movement which ended in the abolition of slavery; and since his accession to power, has done all he could to make "Free Soil" North as well as South, an idle name.

Is the North free to-day, in the highest sense of that word?

Let a Senator of the United States, loved and admired more than most of his compeers, answer that question. Senator Schurz, in his speech at Cooper Institute, says:

"I have seen letters from importunate merchants in this very city expressing hearty sympathy in the national reform movement we are engaged in, but stating also that they do not dare openly take part in it because active sympathy with Republican bolters would expose them to the vengeance of the Custom House, and their business interests to injury. Yet this is called the FREE NORTH."

And he gives similar testimony as to the Free Soil and Free Speech of the South, thus:

"Never was a bolder, a more unrepentant attempt to terrorize and subjugate to one will the freedom of opinion in a party, and to press its whole machinery into the service of a selfish interest. I have heard letters read in Congress from certain parts of the South, still in a state of confusion, where the name of the writer was withheld, lest he be exposed to the vengeance of his enemies."

Here we have the highest possible testimony as to the fidelity of the Grant Party to Free Soil and Free Speech; and where these two are not, "Free Men" cannot be found.

But is the soil of the South "free" in another sense, either for white man or for freedman, with the black shadow of martial law and perpetual Presidential interference enslaving it?

The Government at Washington is to-day exercising as arbitrary a power over the greater portion of the Southern country, several years after the war has ceased, as ever the Allied Powers did over Poland, or Russia does to-day. Is there any necessity or justification for this infraction of the liberties of that people, white and black? Both indignantly declare there is not, and yet, to secure their votes, this military despotism will be continued until after the election; and the President, to keep up a pretext for his policy, has just fulminated his bill of excommunication against poor, helpless, crushed South Carolina.

Free men, free soil and free speech cannot thrive under such policy as this; and nothing short of the peaceful revolution we are preparing at Cincinnati will avail to change it without strife or bloodshed.

Is the Cincinnati movement a revolt or a revolution?

To answer this question, it is only necessary to have witnessed that mighty meeting at the Cooper Institute, which showed the uprising of a people once again, as on the memorable days after the fall of Fort Sumter, and which is destined to herald in as signal and decisive a victory. That was only one of the signs of the times, though a great and significant one.

Equally significant are the responses made from the leading men and the masses of every State to the invitation to come to Cincinnati, and which give the promise of such a gathering here as has not been seen in anticipation of any nomination since Lincoln's.

And the emergency is almost as great now as it was then. For at that time the country was in peril from open and armed enemies. Now it is in almost equal danger from the insidious encroachments of an usurping Executive, and the perpetration of the most corrupt rule that ever disgraced and plundered any people.

But the orgies of our Belshazzar are well-nigh finished, and if he has not seen the handwriting on the wall already, he surely will when the Cincinnati Convention shall have nominated his successor, and the revolution shall have organized itself into the shape of a compact and powerful party, standing on the broad platform of Reform and Amnesty.

A SMALL MAN IN THE WRONG PLACE.

LITTLE more than three years since, U. S. Grant entered the White House with brighter and better prospects than ever fell to the lot of any President.

It was just at the close of a fierce and sanguinary war, of which both sides had tired, as was shown by the applause which followed his shallow bid for popularity—"Let us have peace."

To be sure, he did not receive so much of the popular vote as was given to some of his predecessors, but he received a clear majority of electoral votes, and he went into office with the best wishes of most of the American people.

By a combination of circumstances, in which he had no part whatever, after the energies of the North had been terribly exhausted in the long and bloody campaigns for the suppression of the rebellion, he had been selected to take charge of the last great effort.

And, taking advantage of the experience of the generals who had preceded him, as was his right, with old and disciplined troops, he succeeded where so many abler men had failed, and got the credit of having saved the Republic.

"This man has saved the nation; now, let him preserve it," was the cry of the gushing demagogue who smiled and mouthed himself into the Vice-Presidency.

Indeed, Grant's nomination was an appeal to the country's gratitude, which was far

stronger than its love or respect for party, and that insured his election.

No one stopped to consider his fitness for the Presidency.

If you ventured to inquire into that, some howling demagogue beat you about the ears with this knock-down statement: "He is the second Washington."

And most certainly it were out of place for any patriot to question the fitness of a "second Washington" for any position.

It was hinted that his personal tastes and habits were not of the Mount Vernon order.

It was charged, that he was drunk at the battle of Shiloh.

And somehow or other it had leaked out that he was forced to resign from the Army on account of his protracted and monotonous devotion to gin.

Gin had broken up his wood-peddling business at St. Louis.

Gin had injured his father-in-law's tanning business at Galena.

But of what avail were such slanders against the great prestige he had attained as the savior of his country?

And how far shall a weakness for a little gin go against a second Washington's reputation?

Men of the Washington type are rare.

Prior to Grant, there had been but one that we knew of.

And when the politicians had set up Grant on the Washington pedestal, it was not to be thought of for a moment that he could be washed therefrom by a trifle of gin.

Not only were there Democrats who voted for Grant, but he stood well with many who voted for Mr. Seymour, some of whom, it is fair to presume, would now support him, but for his humiliating and conspicuously corrupt maladministration of public affairs.

Taking everything into consideration, it is difficult to conceive how Grant's prospects, when he left the Army for the White House, could have been bettered.

And how stands he to-day?

To call him the savior of the country would be to insult the memory of the dead from the "attrition" process of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania.

Men's senses have returned to them.

Even a woman—Anna E. Dickinson—stands up in the Cooper Institute and claims that the last war was a "soldiers' war."

And his defenders and partisans, the warriors of the Major-General Henry Wilson stripe, who were soldiers in peace and citizens in war, don't dare deny it.

And now you might as well speak of Jim Nye as the second Washington, as of Grant.

What was only whispered against this man while the war fever still raged, is now proclaimed openly and boldly, on the stump, and through the Press.

The Republic is just as grateful as ever; but gratitude has given way to disgust.

Gratitude lifted Grant over Shiloh, but it won't carry him over Long Branch.

A Ring, in which there was a former baggage-smasher, a low politician, and a gambler, was made up at Long Branch for traffic in real estate.

It was legitimate enough, but the second Washington and one of his staff suddenly become possessed of a part of the Ring property, and one of the Ringers gets into the Collectorship of the Port of New York, and the people begin to look about, and the result is disgust.

"You can't prove that," says one of his defenders; but, then, the first Washington didn't lay himself open to any such suspicions.

In 1868 not a Republican of any note in the land raised his voice against this man.

To-day a Convention, representing hundreds of thousands of the oldest and best Republicans of the country, meets in Cincinnati to prevent his election.

Why? The second Washington of the Smiler Colfax has dwindled down to the boon companion of Tom Murphy, and the defender and protector of Leet and Stocking.

The Administration papers talk of the abuse which is heaped on Grant.

Is it abusive to charge that he indorsed Tom Murphy, when not another public man of any prominence would have indorsed him under any circumstances?

Tom Murphy, the shoddyite, who enriched himself by furnishing the defenders of the Union with glue caps and paper overcoats!

Is it abusive to charge that he retained Leet in the public-warehouse plunder long after Mr. Stewart requested his removal?

Is it abusive to charge that he is a person of low instincts and vulgar habits, when the President of the United States accompanies a convivial express-man down the harbor on his way to Europe, and gets into a spiritually festive condition, so much so, that hours are consumed in sailing about the bay, to enable this representative of the people to get back into a presentable condition?

Is it abusive to charge that he has peddled out offices to his personal family, and to his obscure retainers and associates, as no President has ever done before?

A short time since the people shook his hand into the size and dimensions of a ham.

Now, he may travel the country in white kids, and he shall return to the White House with his gloves unspotted.

And his official organs tell us he is still popular with the people, and can't be beaten.

The truth is, he is not popular.

By those who place party above everything else, he is thought to be strong.

And he is strong in producing such disaffections in his party as were unknown prior to his office-peddling.

Horace Greeley, when the Cincinnati Convention was first proposed, said: "It may name the next President of the United States."

And we have failed to comprehend the political signs of the times, if that Convention proves not the truth of Mr. Greeley's prophecy, and Grant's weakness and utter and entire lack of popularity.

CUMULATIVE VOTING

A PROTECTION FOR THE RIGHTS OF MINORITIES.

UNTIL we have arrived at that subterranean region of Democracy where a minority is supposed to have no rights which a majority is bound to respect, the outcry against cumulative voting seems to us uncalled for.

Hide-bound lawyers and politicians, anxious only for the greatest number of voters, may attempt to mystify the matter, but it is too plain in principle and in fact, to be easily misapprehended.

"The greatest happiness of the greatest number," may be a good motto for legislation, but "the greater wisdom of the greater number," has never yet been condensed into the pith of a proverb, and probably never will be.

In every community there is, and ever will be, a large and intelligent minority, often representing the greater proportion of its wealth and education, which, under the existing system, is as effectually ostracized as though it had no vote at all.

What cumulative voting proposes, is to allow this minority the privilege of selecting its representatives, "fit, though few," by casting its votes in block for them, and thus securing at least a voice and a vote in the Legislature, or other assemblies wherein taxation is to be determined upon.

The wisdom of man has not yet devised any other plan by which this result can be accomplished, and the objections urged against the adoption of this principle will not bear investigation or discussion.

With his usual clear-sightedness and sound commonsense, Mr. Greeley has put the case so strongly, that we cannot do better than quote his words, to which we heartily say, Amen.

"Our judgment approves the system. We hold that minorities have rights as well as majorities. This city, for illustration, has for years been represented in Congress by Democrats only, as Boston and Philadelphia have been almost wholly by Republicans. If each had chosen her representatives by general ticket and a cumulative vote, New York would usually have been represented by four Democrats and two Republicans, Philadelphia and Boston together by three or four Republicans and two or three Democrats. We think this would have been a fairer and truer representation of each than we have actually had."

Here we have the whole case in a nutshell.

A volume of arguments could not set it more plainly before the public apprehension.

But, say the cavilers, Governor Hoffman must veto the bill which contains it, because this clause is plainly in contravention of the provisions of our State Constitution.

Is this correct?

Here are the only provisions which bear at all upon this point:

"Every male citizen of the age of twenty-one years, who shall have been a citizen for ten days and an inhabitant of this State one year next preceding any election, and for the last four months a resident of the county where he may offer his vote, shall be entitled to vote at such election in the election district of which he shall at the time be a resident, and not elsewhere, for all officers that now are or hereafter may be elected by the people."

"All city, town and village officers, whose election or appointment is not provided for by this Constitution, shall be elected by the electors of such cities, towns and villages, or of some division thereof, as the Legislature shall designate for that purpose."

Now, taking the ordinary meaning of the language used, and the common construction of the meaning of laws, we can see nothing here to prevent any voter from using his own discretion as to how and where his vote shall be given, provided it be given in conformity with the rules and regulations prescribed by the competent officers of election.

He is entitled to just so many votes on each election.

Where is the prohibition against his cumulating those votes on one person, or distributing them among many?

Both the language and intent of the law are silent on this point, and he would seem to be free to use that privilege as he pleases, in this regard. And on this point we concur with Mr. Greeley, too, when he puts it thus in his own strong Anglo-Saxon:

"Any device that would give one voter more power

than another is forbidden. But to say to each and every voter in the district which has nine Aldermen to choose, 'Your vote may be cast for nine several candidates, or for three candidates thrice, or for one candidate nine times, or for one candidate four times, and for five several candidates once each, as you may choose, so that there be no more than nine names on your ballot, whether duplicates or otherwise,' is only to say that the Aldermen chosen from that district shall represent all its voters and not merely the dominant interest or faction. And this the spirit of the Constitution requires, and the letter does not begin to forbid."

It seems strange to us that the opposition to and outcry against the Charter (on whose general merits we express no opinion) should be based on that feature which is the most genuine reform which has been instituted in the practice of voting, and which initiates a principle protective of the rights of minorities—already happily adopted elsewhere—and inevitably destined finally to prevail everywhere, as intelligence predominates over mere numbers.

So long as legislation has to be deputed to delegates, that delegation never will be perfect which utterly ignores and sets aside the representation of all minorities, however large, intelligent, or respectable, and puts them outside the pale by a majority of one.

We hope to see this principle soon put in practical operation throughout our entire country.

SHORT CATECHISM.—Who got Grant a commission in the army, and stuck by him when the Western Governors wanted to turn him out for drunkenness? Washburne—Minister to France.

Who contributed most liberally for the purchase of the house presented to Grant in Philadelphia? Adolph E. Borie—late Secretary of the Navy.

Who headed the list for the purchase of a house presented to Grant in Washington? Alexander T. Stewart—appointed Secretary of the Treasury, though ineligible.

Who gave Grant the "cot by the sea" at Long Branch? Tom Murphy—late Collector at New York.

Who presented Grant his interest in the Seneca sandstone quarry at Washington? Henry D. Cooke—Governor of Washington.

Who refused to take the Democratic nomination against Grant in 1868, because, as he said, "Grant always stood by me when I was crazy, and I by him when he was drunk"? W. T. Sherman—Lieutenant-General of the army.

Whoever made Grant a present, from a "brown-stone front" to a "yaller dog," without being presented with an office in return? Nobody that we know of.

LETTERS FROM JUNIUS.

No. V.

KING GRANT—HIS POET-LAUREATE—AND HIS FIGURES.

THE more I study the signs of the times—through the independent journals, through social intercourse, through my private correspondence—the more clearly I perceive that the first number of the Letters which "Junius" had the honor to offer to his readers through FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER hit the issue. From all over the land comes a wail and complaint against the encroachments of King Grant. The Liberal Reform issue is not a question outside of the Republican Party, as the Whippers-in try to make the people believe. The very founders of the Republican Party sympathize in the hope of the success of the Liberal Reformers. Plainly the question is on King Grant: Is he to put the Republican Party in his breeches pocket? Is he to perpetuate a dynasty by his personal will and military dictation, through an organization of Office-holders, commanded by U. S. Grant—such as have managed to control the Philadelphia Convention? As for example, Lieutenant-General Creswell, with 31,000 postmasters; General Boutwell, with 19,000 Custom-House officers, and reserves in the shape of the Internal Revenue Legion—to say nothing of half as many more contractors. Is this the way that we are to "forward—march"? Are all Republicans who dare to dispute this will and this King to be denounced as no Republicans, but as traitors? Are we to hand down to posterity an example of this sort in our political history? Is General Grant to be permitted, unquestioned by anybody, to perpetuate a personal party, with this machinery of office-holders and scribblers—the former of whom terrify all the little salaried people with threats of removal, while the latter scribble—and vilify the independent gentlemen of the Party—among whom are the most eminent of its founders—and decry such as "Soreheads," etc? This is the question which underlies all others; and it has been forced on the Republican Party by the impetuous conduct of General Grant himself and that of his slavish tools. There is no wish to disturb a single part of the elemental fabric of the Republican Party. It is designed to emerge from Grant's pocket—to enlarge our borders—to make our mission that of Union and not of Strife—to go on with the Future, and not to wrangle for ever over the Past. And if the Democrats think well to ground arms and to help us in this work, would there be either sense or patriotism in excluding and repelling them? The object of all religious, scientific and political discussion, since Letters began, was and is, to win men to the truth, not to drive them back from progress into ignorance, barbarism and error. But to keep men divided and ignorant; wrangling and hating each other, so that a privileged few may lord it over the many, is an old trick of military tyrants—it is the Cæsarean idea of the narrow, personal Grant men. Again I say that the issue is on KING GRANT. It has assumed this shape from Texas to Maine. The instinct of the American people has seen this great fact in the case with, as it were, a common eye; and they have but one opinion concerning it, and that is, that this Washington-place, Dead-head, Nepotic, Despotism,

Extravagant and Corrupt Military Ring must go out, epaulets, racehorses, aunts, uncles and all, if we can find fit successors.

I never like to seem even to trifle with a serious discussion; but I cannot forbear to insert here, as an indication of the times, a philosophical scrap of doggerel which is going round in the columns of the Western Liberal Press. It is a significant string of rhymes, telling its story in the blunt American fashion, so peculiar to our humorous, odd, strong Western people. It is called "The Song of the Office-holder." In explanation of his muse, the author writes, by way of preface, as follows: "Mr. Editor, this is intended more for truth than poetry. But yet I'm no mean scholar, to prove which I tell you that I got the style of my verses from Shakespeare's *Foot Touchstone*, in 'As You Like It.' More: being only a Collar Dog, I must perforce write dog-erel. Likewise, being a very little Grant organ, I am perforce ground out. Also, sir, as a small Grant machine, my music must be machine music. So let her rip! Please, Mr. Editor, do let her rip! My place depends on letting her rip!" The author's motto is, "Who grinds our axes? Grant and the Taxes!" and so I introduce the jingle called—

"THE SONG OF THE OFFICE-HOLDER."

"Till breath is scant,
I'll pant for Grant!
For Grant I'll pant!
Don't say I shan't!
I do not rant—
'Tis Grant I want,
And stop I can't!
Oh, Grant! Grant! Grant!
Grant! Grant! Grant!
For Grant I went,
And now for Dent!
Also for Lee!
To keep his seat.
Likewise the Ring
I also sing!
Ding, ding!

"O lud! I 'oughter'
Mention Porter!
And Murphy, too,
The sound and true!
And Mr. Jones!
Rise not thy bones,
O Raymond dead!
When 'Jones' is said.
Ring the chimes
For Jones's Times,
Whistle! 'Holler'
To the dogs of the collar!
Sing the song,
Ding! dong! dong!

"And Daddy Grant,
And Cousin Grant,
And Brother Grant,
And Aunt Grant,
Bub-in-law Grant,
Son-in-law Grant,
Sweet Niece Grant,
Sister-in-law Grant,
Half-sister Grant,
Grand-daddy Grant!
I'm out of rhymes,
But ring the chimes—
Now, fellows, 'Holler'
In chorus follow.
Eternally ours,
Be all the Grant powers!
And thus I sing,
And so my song
Goes ding, ding, ding!
And dong, dong, dong!"

The exclusive capers of the Grant Ring are fit subjects for ridicule. Seen with the clear eye of common sense, we behold rude, arrogant and ignorant men strutting like so many bespangled cadets amid the ruins of the war, toadying to Capital, to Wall Street ideas, reveling in assurance and audacity, grouped for ever under the flag of Grant's personality. No matter what anybody else may think or say—no matter. The question is, What does General Grant think and say? What are the "orders from headquarters"?

As the heroes of defensive wars against foreign aggression, we have had a popular soul-love and a reverential memory for the old-time generals, which we dwell upon with pride and pleasure. It is not detracting from General Grant's good services, however, to draw a proper distinction here. The hard fate which drove us into blood with our own people is a hideous remembrance. And the sooner we can forget it, the better! If, like old Rome, we had conquered the world, and if—instead of groaning as we do, under the taxes and burdens of the war—subjected nations were pouring rich subsidies into our lap, still our free people would rebel against the interpolation here of a rude military rule. We abhor either living or dead monuments which stand up for no better object than to remind us of the blood which was shed in that deluge, and of the tempest of groans which then pierced our hearts. Our generous people do not sympathize with any ambition which aspires to rear upon that Past of Agony any other Government than that of our Fathers, as interpreted by the result of that war. It cannot be too often said that to maintain and perpetuate the Union results of the rebellion—not to immortalize its hatreds—is the foundation of the anti-Grant wing of the Republicans, who are pledged to devote themselves to the work of fraternity and statesmanship. It is either this course which is left—or to subside into General Grant's pocket—or to disband! To this alternative it is that the mismanagement of the Republican Party has at last brought us.

I am about to cite a few facts, without comment. They are their own orators. During the last year, nearly four hundred millions were collected. While this sum has been withdrawn from the ordinary operations of the country, we have had to stand, not alone the well-known enormous defalcations, but also stupendous salaries. The salaries of the Legislative, Executive, Department of State, Treasury Department, United States Mint and branches, Governments of the Territories, Departments of Interior and Agriculture, War, Post Office and Navy Departments, the Judicial, Court of Claims and Department of Justice, have footed up—alone, this one item—a total of \$18,014,733.24. We have 1,439 Naval officers. The Admiral has a pay of \$13,000, the Vice-Admiral \$9,000, and the Rear-Admirals \$6,000 each. The aggregate expenses of the Navy reach to about \$3,000,000. The Army list is equally extravagant. There are 3,560 clerks employed in the Treasury Department. Since 1867, the expenses of the United States Patent Office—which, as our inventors are taxed to pay them, ought to be economized—have grown from \$200,000 to \$600,000. Our ships-of-war, and other war material, to the amount of millions of dollars, have been disposed of, and I have yet to see any settlement of that account. For some of the above statistics I am indebted to Hon. Edmund Crossland, of Kentucky. The figures are unquestioned.

Such an array of figures alone challenges the gravest attention of the nation. Common prudence demands that these huge accounts—of which but a

few items have been above given—shall not go into the secret pigeon-holes of the Grant Dynasty as an inheritance for the Close Corporation who now have things all their own way. Other eyes than theirs should be permitted to look into these accounts. Facts like these—if none others—are invincible arguments in favor of the One Term amendment. Corruption and extravagance are frightful. But the Grant men say, Let us alone, Let us have peace. It is treason to the Republican Party to disturb our Ring!

JUNIUS.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Funeral Oration over the Bust of Mazzini, at Rome.

The funeral procession for Mazzini, at Rome, developed the popular feeling. Black-bordered placards had for several previous days invited different classes to join in the demonstration, and ten or fifteen thousand must have responded to the invitation on that beautiful Sunday morning. Flags waved from hundreds of windows, and great numbers of people assembled along the line of march. The procession itself must have been a surprise to many, so respectable and dignified were its composing elements. No trace of *carbonari* or of *camorristi*, but orderly, intelligent-looking men, marching along in organized divisions, and wearing something, perhaps, of an air of newly imposed and proudly borne responsibility. The funeral car was but a degree removed from a caricature, and nothing but the gravity of the occasion prevented it from being ridiculous, when now and then the huge clay-and-plaster effigy of Italy, tottering almost to a fall, threatened to descend upon and crush the little bust of Mazzini, toward which its right hand was extending a mighty wreath. Deputies and senators joined in the march and in the addresses before the Capitol, and everywhere order and respect prevailed.

Departure of French Conscripts from one of the Provinces occupied by the Germans.

Our illustration represents the departure of a number of conscripts for the French army in one of the provinces still held by the Germans as security for the payment of the indemnity fund. The departure was effected with order and without giving rise to any incident which might cause regret. These young soldiers preserved in the presence of the stranger a dignified and patriotic bearing, and in quitting their firelands to take their places in the army of their country, were sent upon their route saluting the national tri-color amid hearty cries of "Vive la France."

Hunting for Easter-Eggs in Alsace.

It is an annual custom in Alsace, on the day before Easter, for the young men and women to institute a search from house to house, looking for Easter-eggs, which are, when found, mercilessly seized upon and carried off, despite the protestations and assumed indignation of the owners, and much laughter and confusion, to which the fowls, dogs, hogs, and other domestic animals lend the power of their lungs. Our engraving faithfully depicts a new phase which this ancient social custom has taken this year. Two young men of good address and presence, and gayly dressed, went from door to door, armed with a large basket, asking for eggs, which, when collected together, were to be sold, and the proceeds added to the fund for the payment of the national debt. They reaped a plentiful harvest of Easter-eggs, of all colors, and some of the most beautiful patterns—no one, not even the poorest, refusing to give the best she had.

The Case of General Trochu versus MM. Villemessant and Vitu.

General Trochu brought suit recently, in Paris, against M. Villemessant, editor of the *Figaro*, and M. Vitu, also an editor, charging them with libel and defamation of character. Among other crimes imputed to General Trochu were those: First, of betraying the Emperor Napoleon; second, causing the return of the Garde Mobile to Paris without authority; and third, aiding the irruption into the Legislative rooms. Whatever the verdict may be, General Trochu enjoys, in a large measure, the confidence and esteem of his countrymen; and, in their eyes, he is already acquitted of the offenses with which he has been charged.

A Night Meeting of Warwickshire Laborers.

The last thirty years have witnessed an enormous development of trade in England. This development is partly due to the improved means of transit and communication afforded by railways, steamboats and telegraphs, and partly to the great gold discoveries in California and Australia. Every class has gradually been affected by the results of this commercial activity. There has been a brisk demand for labor, while the purchasing power of money has fallen. Hence discontent and agitations among the working-classes, terminating frequently in strikes and lock-outs, but on the whole tending to the improvement of their condition, though at the serious cost of much ill-feeling between employer and employed. This prevailing discontent has at last manifested itself in a practical form among the farm-laborers. Our picture represents a recent meeting at Wellesbourne, in Warwickshire. The proceedings were opened by three of the committee singing a song, in the manner sometimes adopted by street singers, that is, a line each, and the chorus altogether. Mr. Arch presided, speeches being made by the Hon. Auberon Herbert, Messrs. Jenkins, Connolly, and others. A number of persons have already left Wellesbourne for the North of England, where they have already been engaged as carmen, porters, etc., but there seems a great objection to emigration. An old man spoke thus: "It is a downright disgrace to the country to drive her sons away. Why don't the Parliament make the landowners let us small bits of land—two or three acres? It would keep us out of the workhouse when we get old."

Arrival of Alsatian Emigrants at Gray (Haute-Saone).

The distaste of the French population of Alsace and Lorraine toward their new rulers has taken a practical form in increased emigration from those provinces. On the 25th of March last a large deputation of Alsatian families alighted at the depot at Gray, and were warmly welcomed by the inhabitants of that place, who, like the rest of the population of Franche-Comté, are distinguished by the exuberance of their patriotism. They were immediately provided with lodgings. Some established themselves permanently at that point; others proceeded at once to Algeria.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Aimée is at Washington.

SOTHERN is touring the West.

LOTTA was in Buffalo last week.

OFFENBACH is unpopular in Italian cities.

"BUFFALO BILL" is running at Pittsburgh, Pa.

TIETJENS is engaged for the Boston Jubilee.

SCHNEIDER has re-appeared at the Varieties, Paris.

BARNUM is to make a six-months' stay in Paris.

MINNIE HAUCK has a life engagement at Berlin.

FOURTH week of "Article 47" at the Fifth Avenue.

OLE BULL has gone to Europe on a professional tour.

"BLACK FRIDAY," at Niblo's, creates great excitement.

"BLACK CROOK" at the Academy of Music, New Orleans.

THE Stadt Theatre is producing a series of German opera.

THE Oates Burlesque Troupe appear at Niblo's in June.

THE Khédive has reorganized the French Theatre at Cairo.

LEMAITRE has appeared in "The Porter of No. 15," in Paris.

M. JUIGNET gave French opera at Bryant's Theatre on April 23d.

LYDIA THOMPSON and troupe were in Philadelphia on April 29th.

MISS CUSHMAN has been playing in "Henry VIII." at Philadelphia.

"IXION" was produced at Wood's Museum on Monday, April 29th.

"ENOCH ARDEN" is to be brought out at Booth's by Edwin Adams.

PRINCE GALITZIN has engaged Levy, the cornetist, for a long season.

JOE JEFFERSON gives "Rip Van Winkle" at Wilkesbarre, Pa., this week.

SIMS REEVES, the famous vocalist, is still singing acceptably in England.

"LALLA ROOKEH" still astonishes the multitude at the Grand Opera House.

MISS AGNES PALMER gave a musical soirée at Chickering Hall, on April 29th.

MRS. JOHN WOOD appeared in "La Belle Sauvage" in Boston on April 23d.

MR. BATEMAN has carried "The Bells" past its 100th night at the London Lyceum.

"KING CAROTTE" will be produced by Mr. Daly at the Grand Opera House next season.

EDWIN BOOTH played *Bertuccio* and *Sir Edward Mortimer*, last week, at his theatre.

"NERO'S DOCTOR," a new play, by Felix Pyatt, is to be brought out at the Odeon, Paris.

THE Hanlon Brothers have made their appearance at Lina Edwin's Theatre in "The Musical Fiats."

MR. FAVORGER treated the Union League Club to a musical and dramatic entertainment on April 27th.

THE Grand Italian Opera Combination gave a farewell performance on Tuesday, April 30th, at the New York Academy of Music.

THERE was a grand vocal and instrumental concert by eminent artists at the Academy on April 27th in aid of a Teachers' Association.

"SHILLY SHALLY," a dramatization of "Ralph the Heir," by Charles Reade and Anthony Trollope, has been put on the stage at the Gaiety, London.

SCIENTIFIC.

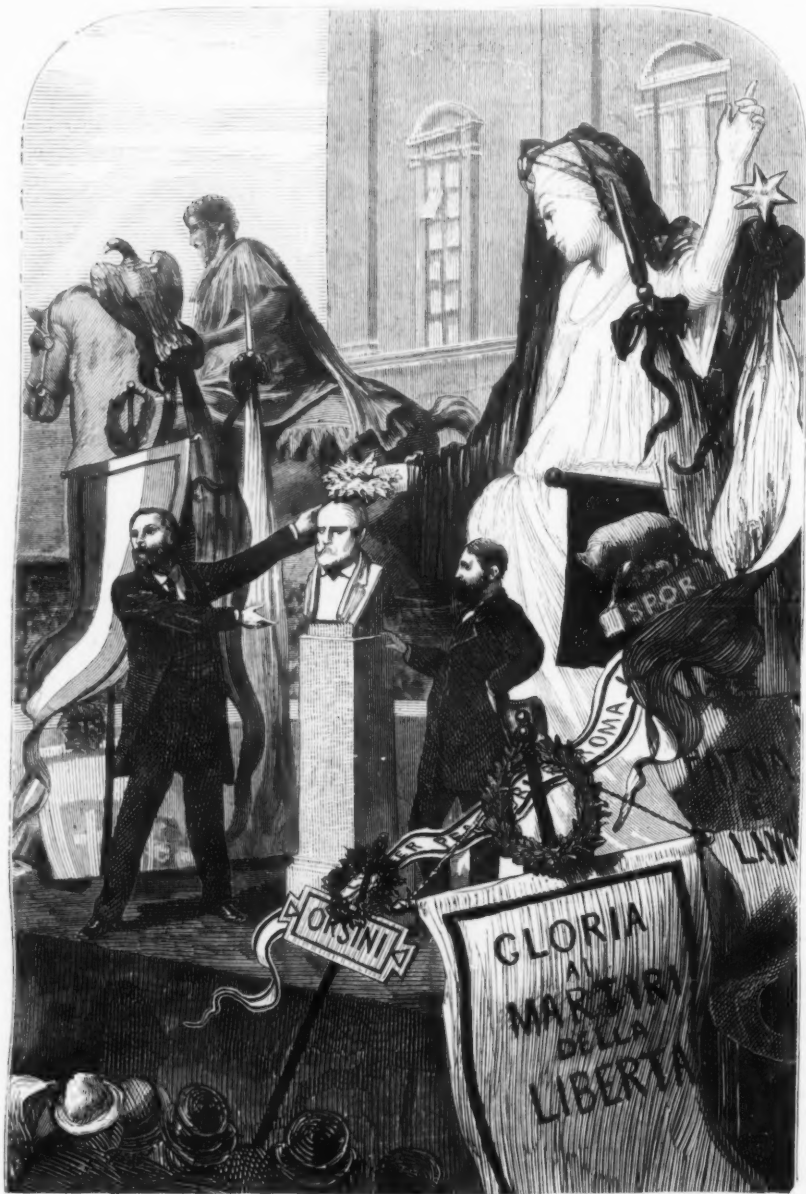
AS THE period of the Transit of Venus in 1874 approaches, astronomers both at home and abroad are becoming more and more active in their preparations; and the American committee on this subject, it is understood, has already decided in considerable part upon the stations to be occupied.

AN ingenious patent is now being worked, by which leather for the sides of boots and shoes is rendered impervious to wet and damp by exhausting the air from the pores of the leather, and filling them up with a substance which unites with and adheres to the fibre, thereby strengthening without impairing the elasticity of the material. It is stated that the patent, known as "Farnshaw's Waterproof Leather," is not only likely to be largely employed for the purpose to which we have referred, but that when asphaltic pavement becomes more general, it will be possible to shoe horses with a material as hard as the asphaltic itself, and which will prevent them slipping.

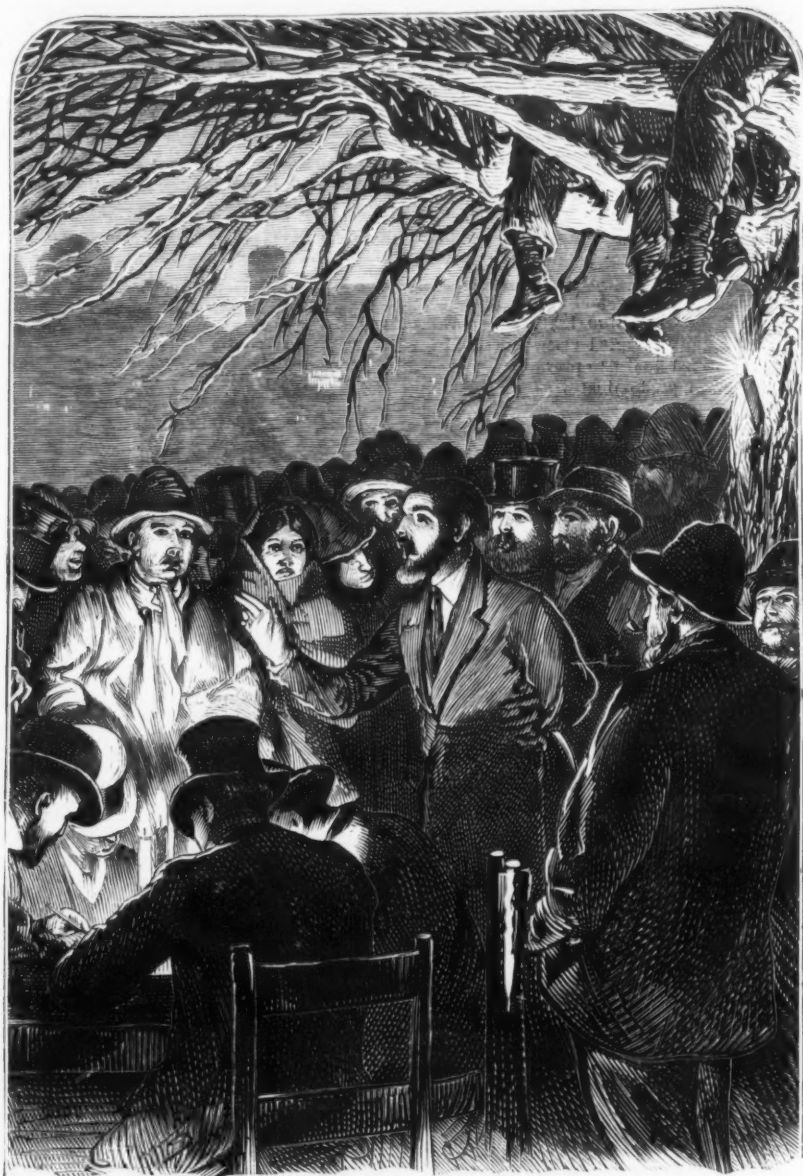
A WASHINGTON correspondent reports the hearing of a committee of gentlemen interested in fish-growing, who desire the National Government to aid in the distribution of salmon, shad and other fish, in the waters of American rivers. They base their application mainly on the fact that the rivers of greatest importance pass between or through different states. The magnitude of the business of providing for stocking waters with fish is much larger than is generally supposed, and it would seem to be one entitled to reasonable co-operation on the part of the Government, which possesses exclusively certain important, if not indispensable, powers with reference to it. The encouragement of the work would cheapen food, stimulate and extend industry, and tax no one to any appreciable extent.

THE Report of the officers of the Peabody Academy of Sciences of Salem, lately made to the trustees, presents a satisfactory statement of the progress made during the past year. This establishment received a moderate endowment from George Peabody, of London, and the income is expended in the care of the valuable museum belonging to the Academy. The directors of the establishment are Mr. F. W. Putnam and Dr. Packard. The principal additions to the museum of the Academy during the year have consisted mainly of insects and archaeological specimens, and also a series of the animals inhabiting the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. All of these, together with the collections previously in the museum, have been properly arranged and classified, and tend to render the museum very attractive.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.



ITALY.—FUNERAL ORATION AT ROME OVER THE BUST OF MAZZINI.



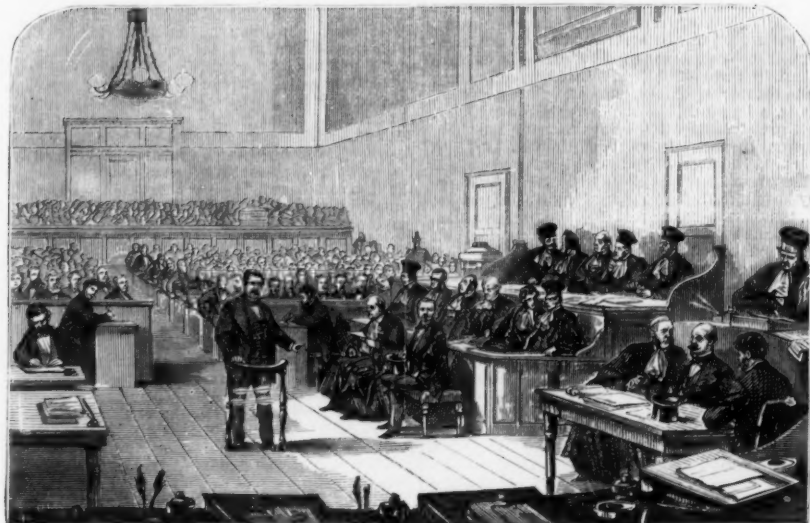
ENGLAND.—THE AGRICULTURAL STRIKE—NIGHT MEETING OF LABORERS AT WELLESBOURNE, WARWICKSHIRE.



GERMANY.—EASTER CELEBRATION IN ALSACE—THE SEARCH FOR EGGS IN AID OF THE TERRITORIAL DELIVERANCE FUND.



FRANCE.—DEPARTURE OF FRENCH CONSCRIPTS, FROM ONE OF THE OCCUPIED PROVINCES.



FRANCE.—THE TROCHU TRIAL BEFORE THE COURT OF ASSIZES OF THE SEINE.



FRANCE.—EMIGRANTS FROM ALSACE ARRIVING AT GRAY (HAUTE-SAONE).

BEFORE THE CONVENTION.

CINCINNATI has provided, with a hearty spirit, for the immense army of liberal-minded, incorruptible citizens who assemble on the 1st of May in a Convention whose importance cannot be overestimated.

Several weeks ago, all the hotels and private boarding-houses were engaged for the delegates that will swarm from all parts of the country. And as the ranks of men opposed to nepotism and military sovereignty were increased by steady accessions, hundreds of citizens threw open their dwellings to add to the accommodations.

Scarcely have the people manifested an interest in a Convention so intense as this. Leaders of delegations were interviewed wherever met, and the prominent men who reached Cincinnati last week were besieged for information respecting prospective candidates. The Press caught up the latest intelligence, and fanned the flame of excitement by bold headlines and sage editorial considerations.

Meanwhile, the Industrial Exposition building was being put in readiness for the great assembly. It is on the corner of Elm and Fourteenth Streets, and has been considerably enlarged and improved since the German Saengerfest, in June, 1870. Of course this building will be the centre of attraction for all of the city's guests; but there are other objects of public and private liberality that will come in for a large share of commendation.

The magnificent fountain—the gift of Messrs. Davidson & Probasco, of Cincinnati, at once an ornament for which any city may be envious, and a practical benefit—the commodious Hospital, and the well-regulated Work-House, will all repay the closest examination.

Cincinnati will extend the heartiest greeting to the delegates, and may be proud of the distinction that liberal-minded men have conferred upon her.



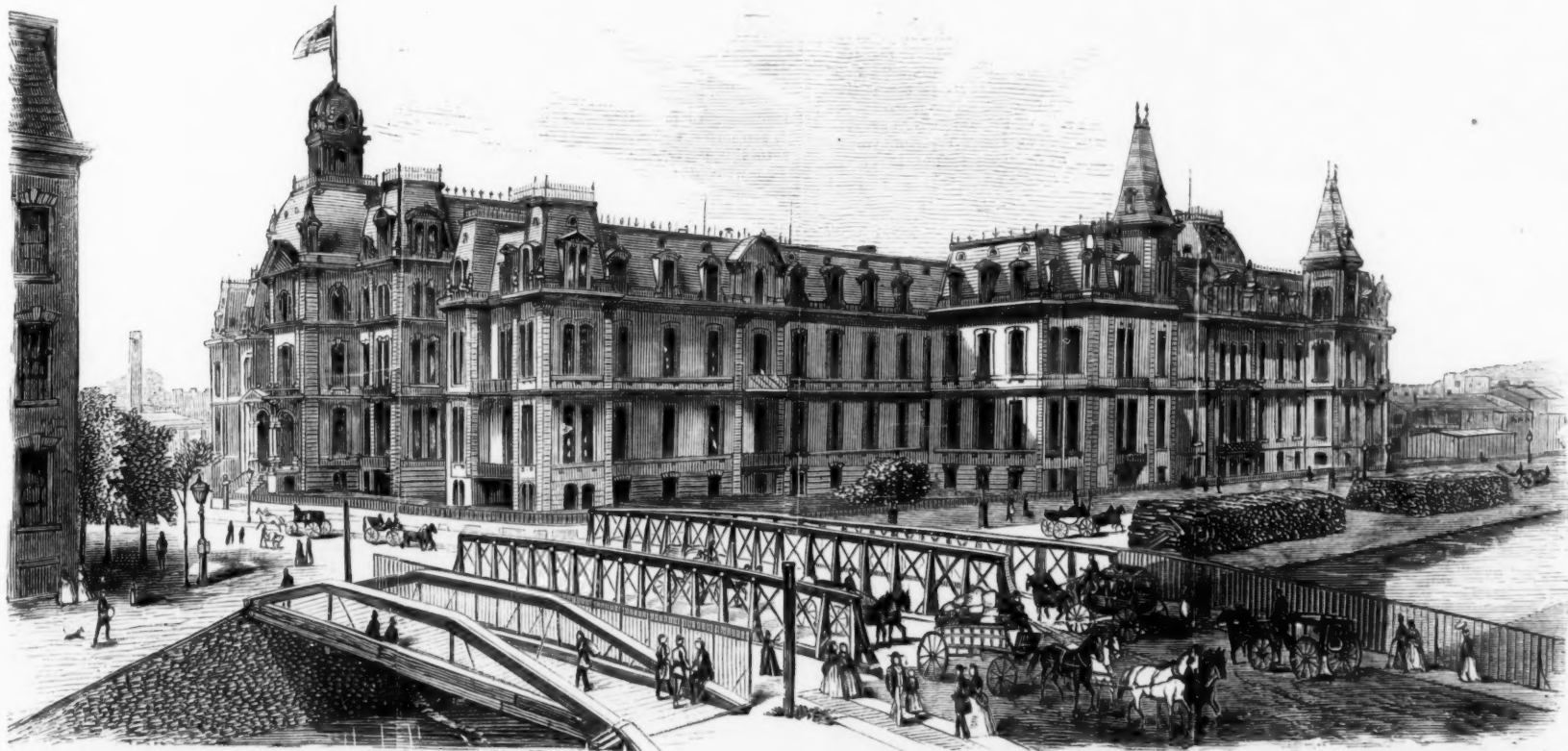
OHIO.—THE FOUNTAIN PRESENTED TO THE CITY OF CINCINNATI BY MESSRS. DAVIDSON & PROBASCO.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WINDER.

PROF. MAGNER,
THE
HORSE-TAMER.

THE recent exhibition of horse-taming on 30th Street, New York, by Professor Magner, enlisted the attention of our most prominent horse-fanciers, and showed how the fiery, vicious animal, under skillful but kind treatment, could be transformed into a docile and affectionate servant. A private view of the system was given, at which a number of trained horses were made to play extraordinary tricks, and having sworn all present to secrecy as to his methods of treatment, the professor requested them to choose from those present a committee to report on his system.

These gentlemen, with Robert Bonner, Esq., as chairman, having taken their seats, Professor Magner, in a brief address, explained the main points of his treatment, which consists in a combination of firmness and kindness, without cruelty, brutality of any kind, or throwing. In the course of his remarks, he very justly stated that more men than horses require training. A notoriously vicious horse was brought into the ring, and in less than thirty minutes was trotting in harness, as gentle as though he had always been a family horse, and this, too, without throwing or harsh treatment. The professor, standing on the axle of a pair of wheels, drove the horse about the ring by the tail, no signs of ill-temper being manifested. Mr. Bonner, turning to the committee, said: "Rarely taught us our A B C's, but Magner teaches us how to put the letters together."

The humane and practical method of his treatment entitles Professor Magner to the consideration of all who desire a handsome, tractable horse, and his advice, if followed, will save many a frolicsome steed from cruel lashes and stupid "breaking," meted out by ignorant hostlers.



OHIO.—THE CINCINNATI PUBLIC HOSPITAL.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WIND.

LOST HOURS.

It was a mournful watch she kept,
In the soundless Winter night,
While all her world around her slept,
And the pitiless stars shone bright;
For she saw the years in long review,
The years she had trifled past,
The years when life was bright and new,
And what had they left at last!
And she cried, as she thought of her drooping
flowers,
Her baffled hopes and her failing powers:
"Oh, my lost hours!"

What a harvest might have been garnered in,
When the golden grain was wasted!
What a nectar of life it was hers to win,
When the draught was barely tasted!
What happy memories might have shone,
Had folly never stained them!
What noble heights to rest upon,
If a steadier foot had gained them!
And she cried as she sat 'mid her faded flowers,
"Rashness and weakness bring fatal dowers;
Oh, my lost hours!"

Too late for battle, too late for fame,
Comes the vision of better life,
With eyes that are burning with tears of shame
She looks on the world's keen strife;
The patient love cannot pardon now,
Or the fond believing cheer,
Where the white cross stands and the violets
blow,
Lie the loved that made life so dear.
Kind Nature renews her perished flowers,
But death recks nothing of sun or showers;
Ah, for lost hours!

THE SISTER'S SECRET.
AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

CHAPTER XVII.—(CONTINUED.)

I LOOKED, and saw Miss Burgoyne opening the gate leading to the house. My first impulse was to withdraw from the window; but, ere I had time to do so, she had seen me. For a moment she paused; I remarked the pause clearly, and noted it as a momentary impulse on her part to return. But to return was evidently out of the question. With a graceful bow and a pleasant smile she came forward.

My heart swelled with indignation. I could understand now the reason of Major Rivers wishing me to drive out. I had consoled myself for a moment with a dream of a renewal of his tenderness in his obvious solicitude; but upon that solicitude I was forced now to place this heartbreaking construction.

Should I deny myself to this woman? She had seen me, it is true; but I cared little for the rudeness of denying her admission. But my rage made me resolute to meet her. I would confront the creature who, under the mask of concern for my health, was secretly ruining me.

I heard her knock—a quick, anxious knock. In a few moments she was shown into my room.

"How are you, my dear Mrs. Rivers?" she exclaimed, fluently, without a vestige of the nervousness I had anticipated in her manner. "Do let me congratulate you most heartily on your restoration to health. And that is the darling little baby? Oh, nurse, I must have one peep—one little peep—and just a kiss."

She approached and looked at my child, from whose face the nurse had angrily drawn the veil.

I watched her with stony eyes.
"What a little beauty! The very image of you, Mrs. Rivers. How I dote upon babies! What a pretty little nose!"

She came and took a seat on the sofa by my side.

"You are looking much better than either mamma or I would have expected," she said. "I am sure mamma would have called had she thought you would have been up to receive her. She will be so glad to meet and talk with you about your darling baby. There are so many things a young mother requires to be taught." And she laughed rather shrilly.

"I have to thank you, Miss Burgoyne, for many inquiries after my health," I said, slowly, my speech laboring in the angry feelings that possessed me.

"Not at all. I am sure it has afforded me very great pleasure to hear of your progress." "Indeed, your solicitude has been incessant." She was evidently resolved to notice nothing. She merely laughed and said:

"You see we are pretty close neighbors. A walk from my house is easily accomplished."

I was silent. I was meditating the conduct I should pursue. I had sense enough left me to understand that any display of passion on my side would hardly fail, in the presence of so cool an opponent, to end in my defeat. I looked at her contemptuously. Her glance wandered from mine.

"Miss Burgoyne," I said, "your concern for my health has not brought you to this house. Some other purpose has induced this visit. You have come to meet Major Rivers. This meeting with me is unexpected, and no doubt disappointing. But do not be cast down. Major Rivers is in the house; I will request his presence," saying which I rose and touched the bell.

My abrupt aggression had made Miss Burgoyne recoil. Drawing herself up, she assumed a haughty air. But in spite of her haughtiness I could see she watched me furtively; evidently not at all certain of the person she had to deal with, and wondering what sort of character I should discover in this contest.

I bade the servant summon Major Rivers. I sat with compressed lips, with my back partially turned toward Miss Burgoyne, with my eyes fixed on the ground.

"Pray, Mrs. Rivers," she began, after a pause, "will you be good enough to inform me what construction I am to place upon this reception? I am really ignorant of the reason of this treatment."

I turned slowly and looked her full in the face. All the contempt, the dread, the bitterness that were in my heart went forth from my eyes. She struggled to keep her gaze fixed on mine, but it fell in spite of her, and she commenced nervously twitching at the fingers of her glove.

"Do you want a reason?" I exclaimed. "I don't think you do. But, if a reason be necessary, I can give it by telling you my opinion of you: you are a bold, foolish, bad woman. Now you have a reason."

She rose to her feet, and glanced about the room as if meditating flight. But footsteps sounded outside. The tread was evidently familiar to her, for she accepted the sound as a cue, and burst into tears. In spite of my hate and my rage, I saw how beautiful she looked in her simulated woe.

Major Rivers entered. He stood at the door, glancing from me to Miss Burgoyne. He had evidently been prepared to look surprised at finding a visitor, but the false look fell away like a scale before the true look of surprise that filled his face on witnessing Miss Burgoyne in tears.

"What is the meaning of this?" he exclaimed, sternly.

"I have dared to tell Miss Burgoyne her true character, Major Rivers!" I cried. "Will you hear it?"

"Be composed, Miss Burgoyne," he said, going over to her; "pray be seated. You have had, I suppose, the misfortune to find Mrs. Rivers in a bad temper. This common infirmity need not provoke your tears."

She took the chair he handed to her, and stepping to the mantelpiece, he leant against it, looking at me with a vindictive gleam in his clear eye.

"What do you mean by talking of character?" he exclaimed. "Are we servants, that we come to you for our credentials?"

The "our," implying sympathy with my rival, stung me to the quick.

"Major Rivers," I said, "if your love for me is gone, I can offer no explanation that will be intelligible to you."

"What enigmas are these you are trying to perplex us with?" he exclaimed, angrily. "Miss Burgoyne, will you be more candid than Mrs. Rivers, and explain the reason of your tears?"

She looked up at him with her beautiful humid eyes, and answered:

"I can understand nothing, Major Rivers. I only know that Mrs. Rivers has deeply insulted me."

"How?"
"She called me a 'bold, foolish, wicked woman.'"

He turned upon me at once. "Is this true?"
"So true," I responded, "that were she in the presence of her Maker she might repeat it with the calmest certainty. I meant it."

My coolness—I was very cool now—seemed at first to have no other effect upon the major than to discomfit him. But I could see him working himself into a passion, that he might achieve by bluster what he could never have accomplished by calmness.

"How could you so address a young lady whose sole motive in calling is an anxious interest in your health?"

"You know you are speaking a falsehood, Major Rivers," I replied, coldly eyeing him. "You must be truthful if you wish me to condescend to a discussion on such a topic."

"Condescend!" exclaimed Miss Burgoyne, with a toss of her head.

I continued, addressing the major:

"I waive my claims to your name. I speak to you now as Margaret Holmes. I am the girl, Major Rivers, who was taken from my home—wretched, insecure, but always honest—under the most sacred pledges from you that I should be your wife. I am not your legal wife—I know it; no legal sanction connects us. I anticipate that reproach from her," pointing without looking at Miss Burgoyne. "But if there be a law in honor—if there be aught that is binding in vows made utterly solemn by the innocence that accepted them—I am your wife, Major Rivers; not to be sundered from you by the intrigues of an interloper—not to be degraded into an outcast by the caprice of your heart."

The exertion of speaking overcame me. Miss Burgoyne gave the major a meaning glance. But my language had some effect, my closing words left him thoughtful and sombre.

"Miss Burgoyne," he said, "you have been inadvertently admitted into some of the secrets of domestic life. The lesson may so far profit you as to make you guard against a common infirmity on the part of your sex, which is, to exact in proportion to the generosity of the donor—to make him who gives much give much more."

She rose with a bright smile. Her eyes were long since dried. With a stiff bow to me, she passed through the door held open by the major, and left the house.

CHAPTER XVIII.

I AM tempted to linger longer upon this period of my troubles than the interest of my story allows; my feelings were of that tumultuous and complex character which seems to find some compensation in speaking of them.

I beheld myself now the victim of a conspiracy, prosecuted, however, by so subtle an agency as to leave me in despair as to how I was to defeat it. I will not deny now that had I been a legal wife I should have beheld with less torment the web which my rival was slowly spinning round the major. A just feeling of indignation and contempt might have cooled

the ardor of my love; my outraged affection might have even taught me to hate; and in the security at least of an honorable position, I might have contemplated with increasing unconcern the gradual estrangement of my husband.

But I now understood that the success of my rival would not fail to plunge me into the abyss of degradation. Selfishness and terror mastered my reason. There was nothing to prevent Major Rivers marrying Miss Burgoyne, whilst that step would leave me a dishonored woman.

I saw but little of the major after Miss Burgoyne had left the house; he passed the evening out, where, I knew not until the following day, when I learned that he had been driven to Heathfield. I had therefore plenty of leisure to indulge my grief in secret. I plainly saw that no appeals were likely now to influence him. Had I not twice in a few hours passionately addressed him? Had he not responded to my supplications by silence? I felt that unless I could hit upon some right course of action and pursue it promptly I was lost.

What was I to do? Restlessly I tossed upon the sofa, straining thought to a point of agony; but to my questioning I could elicit no response. Sometimes I thought I would leave him. I would seek a temporary asylum elsewhere. My absence might renew his affection; my vacant place might trouble him, he might write and ask me to return. Idle dreams! Might I not by leaving him be actually carrying out his wishes? Might he not excuse his future conduct—whatever it might be—by advancing my desertion as a justifiable reason for his own cruelty? And more, what asylum had I to choose? Ivy Lodge was out of the question. To Aunt Emma I knew too well that repentance and remorse were explanations for a past that would come too late. Above all, I should only leave him in the hope of a recall; and if Aunt Emma should harbor me under the condition of my never returning to the man who meant to betray me, it would render her hospitality impossible for me to accept. Could I find no other refuge than Ivy Lodge? None. I was poor; if I left Chester House, I should leave it without means, and without means where was I to procure even a lodging?

I asked myself the question: Who is Miss Burgoyne? Did the major know? I doubted. Suppose that I commenced some inquiries about her? Suppose that I should find her to be precisely the character that she appeared—bold, beautiful; a friend of a bad man, Sir Geoffrey Hamlyn; the daughter—if the daughter—of a common, vulgar mother; antecedents unknown.

I determined to find out who she was. My blood tingled in my veins. I felt I had hit upon an assured method to triumph. When I had gathered all the particulars of her past life I would lay the narrative before the major. In the details which I would place before him, he would read the history of a bad life and a wicked conspiracy. The scales which blinded him would fall from his eyes. He would turn to me with gratitude, pity, and remorse, and in an almost tragical experience I might find the seeds of a more devoted and a more enduring love.

But how was I to commence operations? It was plain I could not prosecute these inquiries myself; an incapacity to follow out any clue that a primary investigation might disclose, would render my endeavor useless. It was plain that I must rely upon the vigilance of another.

But on whom? I remembered having read of private inquiry offices in the newspapers. A morning journal lay at hand; I seized it, ran my eye hastily through it, and found:

"Private inquiries into matters of all kinds and degrees conducted with care and dispatch by an experienced ex-detective. Strictest secrecy assured. Address, B. X.," etc.

Without a moment's hesitation I took a sheet of paper and wrote to "B. X." that I had an important secret to unravel, and that I should be glad of his help. I desired that he would state the terms by return of post, and I gave him my initials to write to the post-office at Newtown.

I knew no one to whom I could better intrust the postage of my letter than my nurse, who took the letter, and on the following day I sent her to the post-office with my card. She returned with a letter. I was in the nursery when she came back; I could, therefore, open and read the missive in security. It was written in an educated hand and in an educated language. The writer stated that he could not possibly name any terms until the lady had acquainted him with the nature of the duty she wished fulfilled. He would be happy to wait upon the lady at her residence, or he could be consulted at his office by appointment.

I pondered a moment. It was imperative that I should meet him. But where? It would be impossible to allow him admission to Chester House. Major Rivers would be certain to hear of his visit, and my stratagem would be useless. Chance favored me in my nurse. I knew that she had some friends living in the neighborhood; and I asked her if she knew of any acquaintance who would allow me to make her house a rendezvous for a meeting. To disarm her suspicion, I informed her that I had left several heavy debts unsettled in London; that I was unwilling that my husband should hear of them, and that the only means I had in my power of discharging them lay in disposing of a portion of my jewelry. Being unable to get to London, I had requested a jeweler to visit me. My only object in transacting the business away from my own home was to secure secrecy.

I accordingly named an hour on the following afternoon for Mr. Henry Lorrimer—such was the name appended to "B. X."—a letter—to meet me at Mrs. Snell's. This letter was posted at an hour which insured its delivery on the same day.

The morning was wet and windy. I detested the weather, for I feared that if it lasted I should find no excuse to leave the house. Fortunately, at twelve o'clock the sun shone; the wind fell; the clouds dispersed and left a mild, humid sky. Major Rivers went out at one o'clock. I asked him where he was going; he replied he hardly knew—anywhere. Would I like to accompany him? A few weeks before I would have hailed such an offer; now I knew that it was preferred in the belief or hope that it would be rejected. I declined on the plea of having promised to take a short walk with nurse and baby.

At two o'clock I dressed myself and started forth with the nurse and my little girl. The buoyant sunshine warmed me; the mild wind caressed me. But I stepped forward full of trouble and anxiety. I dreaded, first, that the man might demand a sum which would exceed my means; and, secondly, that having heard my story, he might frankly avow his incapacity to help me.

As I entered the house I inquired for Mrs. Snell. A little woman with a sympathetic face came forward, peering at me as she advanced and dropping a very obsequious courtesy. Dismissing her servant, she asked if I was Mrs. Rivers?

"Yes," I answered. "I hope my nurse has thoroughly explained to you my reason for procuring the use of your house for a short time?"

"In a perfectly satisfactory manner, mam," she responded. "The gentleman you expect is waiting for you in my back parlor."

A tall, thin man rose from a chair as I entered. He had very small but very keen eyes; he was smooth-shorn as a priest; and with just hair enough to obviate all risk of its being detected even beneath a bobwig. He gave me an inquisitive and searching glance, then placing a chair for me on one side of a small table, took a seat facing me. There was a formality in his conduct which somewhat unnerved me; but the moment he spoke I was made to feel by his searching manner that I was in the presence of as useful an instrument for my purpose as I could wish.

"We need lose no time, madame," he began, clasping his hands on the table. "I commend your discretion in removing the scene of this meeting from your own house. But you are doubtless here under some excuse, and it would be unwise to protract your stay by any unnecessary conversation. If you will, kindly state to me the secret you wish me to investigate."

He bent his small eyes upon me with the attention and formality of a judge. I commenced at once.

He bowed his head in token of attention, but without removing his eyes from my face.

"My husband—I call him husband, but I am the sister of his first wife—my husband's name is Major Rivers. He resides at Chester House. Some time ago he was introduced to a young person named Miss Burgoyne, by a common friend, Sir Geoffrey Hamlyn. During my confinement, from which I have but recently recovered, I have heard strange rumors relative to Major Rivers and Miss Burgoyne—rumors which make me clearly perceive that unless I take some measure to disenchant Major Rivers I shall be abandoned by him for my rival."

Another nod.

"The only means that I can conjecture to procure this end is to discover who Miss Burgoyne is. I suspect her character. I want to confirm my suspicions. If I can prove this to Major Rivers, the illusion will vanish, and he will be once more a free man. She herself resides in Newtown, and with a mother, a vulgar old woman, who calls herself Mrs. Burgoyne, but I do not believe she is the mother. There is no possible resemblance whatever between them."

I saw a faint fast-vanishing smile pass over the grave saturnine features of Mr. Lorrimer. He resumed:

"What is their address?"
I stated it. He opened a pocket-book and noted it down.

"How long have they resided here?"

"That is what I want you to find out."

He made another entry in his note-book.

"Will you kindly describe the person of the gentleman who introduced Major Rivers to Miss Burgoyne?"

He wrote as I described. He took also Sir Geoffrey's address.

"I think this will do," he said, slipping the elastic over his note-book, and replacing it in his pocket. "If my suspicions are right, I think I can tell you what all this means."

"What does it mean?"

"It is one of the commonest of bad cases in certain classes of society. I should say that Mrs. Burgoyne is a 'dummy,' that Miss Burgoyne is Sir Geoffrey's mistress, and that the whole thing is a 'plant' on Major Rivers. Pray, madame, how old may Major Rivers be?"

I gave him the major's age.

"So old! Extraordinary, madame, is it not, that the older some men grow the easier it is to make fools of them?"

"You think, then, this is a conspiracy?" I exclaimed.

"I can't say, madame. I can only reply that it looks very much like one."

"Should I be justified in hinting as much to Major Rivers?"

"I think you had better not, madame. If he's so fascinated as you say he is, he won't believe you unless you can produce proofs. He'll merely call you jealous, and you'll only weaken the force of the facts by anticipating them when you come to lay them before him."

"And will you be able to find out all that is necessary?"

"I have no doubt of it."

"And what will be your terms?"

He reflected. He seemed to calculate. Presently he answered, "Fifty pounds."

"When am I to pay you?" I said, not disconcerted by the amount, having made up my mind to expect some such demand.

"I shall require twenty pounds as a deposit, and the remaining thirty when the business is finished."

I had fortunately provided myself with all the money I had in the world, i.e., two ten-pound notes and eight sovereigns in gold. I handed him the notes. He received them with the gravest composure, and drawing out a printed form, requested me to sign it. As I affixed my signature I barely noticed that it was an agreement to pay a nameless sum on the conclusion of, etc. He took the paper from me after I had signed it, and bade me see that he filled up the blank with the words "thirty pounds."

"You promise me success?" I said, rising.

"The character of our business," he responded, "prohibits us from promising anything to our clients, madame. But this I may promise you: that every effort needful for success will be made to carry out your wishes."

"When shall I hear from you?" I said, pausing at the door which he held open for me.

"As soon as ever I have anything to tell you, madame," he replied. "Shall I continue addressing you at the post-office here?"

"Yes."

I then went down-stairs. The dressmaker stood at the door conversing with my nurse. As I passed out I slipped a sovereign into her hand. The munificence of the donation obviously confirmed her belief in the truth of what my nurse had told her relative to the disposal of my jewelry.

(To be continued.)

THE DEACON'S PLOT.

A REASONABLY good man was Deacon Pilsey, as times went, but if he had a weakness, it was for making things in general go about as he wanted them to. Not an overbearing man by any means, and certainly not a violent one, but with wonderfully cute and quiet and subtle ways of his own, by which he brought matters about without letting other folks know how the thing was done. When a man is accustomed to have his own way, he makes up his mind pretty easily, but there was one point of all others upon which Deacon Pilsey had been set and fixed for years, and the care of which lay heavy on his mind, for the time had come when, in his judgment, something deep required to be planned and all his skill exercised in carrying it out. To a mind like his, that had taken a perfect measure of every other in the village, and for miles around it, there could be little difficulty in selecting his tools and assistants, and he had no need of counselors. That was how he came to be talking so confidentially with Joe Gaines, as the two stood by the yard-gate.

"Why, deacon," said Joe, "I always thought you liked Bob Humphrey. He's a tiptop fellow, and a good match for any girl I know of."

"So he is, so he is," replied the deacon. "Can't say a word agin him. Know him from a boy. Can't forbid him the house, or any of that sort of nonsense; but, then, he can't have Irene Wyer."

"I don't see how you'll help it, deacon. You're only her guardian, and she is about of age."

"Not for a year yet—that's how the will reads—and she's in my own house, you know. I guess I can fix some things, specially if you'll turn in and help me. You're a lawyer, Joe Gaines, but you're a young one yet, and I'll give you the fattest fee you ever dreamed of if you'll only hitch teams with me, and see that Bob Humphrey don't get the upper hand."

"Well, if that's what you're after, so it's all right and square, I'd as lief earn a fee one way as another. What's your programme?"

"Well, you know there's nigh onto thirty thousand a coming to Irene Wyer, in her own right, and I've took the best kind of keer of it. It's been a mighty sight of trouble, and all along I've thought of my son Scott."

"Scott Pilsey?" interrupted Joe. "Why, he's in California."

"He won't be long. He's comin' home inside of six months, and I want to keep Irene safe for him. They used to be wonderful thick, and he writ to her reglar ever so long arter he went away, and so did she to him."

"Do they correspond now?" said Joe.

"No, not now. There's the rub. That's one reason I'm looking out so sharp arter Bob. Now, I want you to just take a holt and try and keep Bob off till Scott gets back. 'Twon't be for long, and Irene ain't such bad company, nohow."

"I don't know," said Joe. "There's Maggie and her mother. I couldn't be particularly attentive to Irene without their knowing it. And Bob Humphrey'll be sure to be around most of the time, and it won't be long before I have the whole village talking the matter up."

"Never mind that, Joe, never mind that. It'll be all right when Scott gets home. I'll give you the biggest kind of a fee."

"Well, deacon," coolly replied the young lawyer, "it's a pretty tough case, but I'll take it on one condition."

"What's that?"

"Why, so long as it's only fun, and all that, I'll go ahead, but if it seems as if I was doing any harm, anything real bad, you know, I'm to be at liberty to back out."

"Well, I don't mind, so long as you let me know in time."

And so the deacon and the lawyer discussed their plot to their satisfaction, and when all was settled the latter took his own way down the broad and grass-grown street of the village.

"The old shark!" he muttered, as he strolled leisurely on. "What on earth put it into his plotting old head to pitch on me for his tool? He never was more'n half decent to me before. I reckon I'll earn my fee, but I'll be fair and square with Bob Humphrey. What would Irene say if she knew what was up? Wouldn't those black eyes of hers strike fire?"

Now, it happened that of late, unknown, perhaps, to the deacon, there had been growing up more than a little closeness of intimacy between Joe Gaines and Bob Humphrey, and thus it was treachery to his friend as well as unfairness to the pretty heiress, to which the young lawyer had allowed himself to be bribed by the deacon's promised fee.

A deep fellow was Joe Gaines, and a marvelous manipulator of social affairs. Again and again, as days and weeks and months went by, did Deacon Pilsey congratulate himself on his admirable selection, and chuckle in his inmost being as he witnessed the well-contrived success of Joe's manoeuvres. There were picnics and drives and parties, and entertainments of various kinds, but in vain did Bob Humphrey invite or propose; the young lawyer was sure to be beforehand with him, and it almost seemed as if sweet, unassuming quiet little Maggie Pilsey herself, the deacon's daughter, had joined the secret league against her friend Irene, so often was some excuse devised by which she was made to appear in the latter's stead.

Then, too, there were the home evenings at the deacon's house, when the subtle-minded old plotter could have hugged himself with satisfaction as he sat by and witnessed with his own eyes the admirable manner in which Joe Gaines worked for his fee.

"It takes a lawyer, after all," he said to himself. "I don't care much what he charges. I only hope he'll keep it up that way till Scott gets home again. And then to see Bob Humphrey! Why, the feller's got the perseverance of the saints, but he ain't nowhere with Joe Gaines."

As for Irene Wyer herself, her red lips laughed and pouted, and her bright black eyes sparkled and deepened, and her life seemed flowing onward very pleasantly, as if no deep-laid plots and schemings had any power over her or her happiness. Moreover, through it all Joe Gaines seemed to maintain the most complete external semblance of frank-hearted friendship with Bob Humphrey. Odd as it may seem, the young lawyer also found that his practice had undergone a very sensible increase, caused mainly by the warm, though covert, encomiums which the good deacon's heart compelled him to utter here and there, in his keen appreciation of his young friend's tact and management.

Time will fly, however, and the mails at last brought to the Pilsey homestead the welcome news that its absent hope and heir would shortly return. There were letters from Scott Pilsey to his mother and his sister Maggie, and to Irene Wyer, and even to his old cronies and schoolmates, Joe Gaines and Bob Humphrey, and to each one he had doubtless some matter of special interest to communicate.

No noisy, smoky, disgusting railway trains as yet vexed the retirement and repose of the village, but at last, on a morning when all things were in a state of almost painful expectancy of his arrival, not the ordinary stage-coach, but a private hired carriage, heavy with trunks and packages, bore Scott Pilsey to the door of his father's home.

In an instant the little veranda was full of those who awaited him, but when the deacon's tall, sun-burned and bushy-bearded son sprang out upon the grass, he turned his back to the veranda for a moment, while he aided the movements of a graceful, well-favored, dark-skinned young lady, who followed him, and whom, even in the first warmth of his "welcome home," he introduced as "my wife, my Lucia."

Maggie Pilsey hugged her and kissed her, and so did Irene Wyer, and so, in a moment more, did old Mrs. Pilsey, and the deacon was too wise a man to seem altogether astonished, while Joe Gaines and Bob Humphrey were fairly boisterous. In fact, Scott Pilsey's California bride was so overcome by the warmth of her greeting, that the poor young thing forgot her pride, and burst into tears. In half a minute after that there wasn't a lady visible, and then Bob and Joe knew enough to leave the deacon and his son to themselves. The two young men walked off arm in arm, but they were back again before the day was over.

The deacon's face was a trifle serious, but not exactly cloudy, and before long he managed to get Joe Gaines off by himself for a bit of private conversation.

"And so, Joe," he said, "you and the rest knew all about this matter of Scott's some time ago?"

"Well, yes; Irene told me in confidence, and then, when they wrote and told Scott how matters were here, he wrote to congratulate us, and begged us not to spoil his surprise to you. We couldn't tell after all that, you know."

"Ahem! well—no—I can't say; but p'raps not. I can't be mad with Scott, for she's brought him a big ranche and a mine; but what am I to do with you now? I like Bob Humphrey first-rate—I allers did like Bob—and now it can't be Scott, I don't see as I ort to interfere. You've arned your fee, and I'll pay it; but, then, you see, there ain't no more use—"

"Oh! no; not a bit," interrupted Joe. "Bob is a good fellow, and he and Maggie are just suited. Irene and I think that Maggie couldn't have made a better match, and we think Scott's done splendidly well."

"Irene and you?" exclaimed the deacon. "Yes, of course. I've explained to Irene that I can't afford to lose my fee. I told her so at the beginning, and she said I must arn it. Seems to me I've done that; but I'll let you up."

"Done it!" exclaimed the deacon. "Well, yes, Joe; on the whole, I should rather be inclined to say I guess I think you have! Yes—you and Irene!"

ELEVEN neighboring boroughs have been consolidated with the city of Pittsburg, giving it a total population of 133,000.

THE LONE PINE EARTHQUAKE.

CONSIDERING the space affected, the number of inhabitants injured, and the amount of pecuniary destruction, the earthquake at the town of Lone Pine, Inyo County, California, on the 26th of last March, was the most remarkable convulsion of nature the country has ever known. There were three hundred and sixty distinct shocks in the space of thirty hours. There were four distinct kinds of shocks. The effect of one is described as if an enormous monster, situated exactly beneath the town, had been exploded, and came up almost to the feet with a dull thud, and as it reached the surface produced a terrific vibration; another was a quick, violent oscillation of the earth, without any noise or sign but its motion; the third was preceded by a sound like the long roll which drums beat before battle. Then the noise died out and the chill came on. The fourth was like a 200-pounder Parrott fired from a mountain-side, the noise seeming to scale the mountains to their base, and when this passed over, a terrific trembling commenced.

The changed condition of the lakes since the earthquake is quite remarkable. Big Owens Lake, a formidable stream, twenty miles long and sixteen wide, has risen from three to five feet; while Little Lake, some four fathoms in depth, has dried up, indeed, totally disappeared. Owens River, formerly between three and four rods wide at Independence, and several fathoms deep, besides being a swift and turbulent stream, is so shallow that teams experience no difficulty in fording it. The bridges at Lone Pine and Independence were both destroyed by the swift-running and disturbed current, and carried away like wisps of straw.

The earth swayed and rolled like the swell of the sea, turning hollows into eminences and converting hills into hollows. At each shock this terrible earth-swell repeated itself, wriggling like some vast serpent uncoiling itself for a spring, and crackling like the report of a cannon before each quiver. People who stood in the streets trembled in their limbs as each shock coursed its serpentine way. It seemed as though the earth surged under their feet as the sea, while uprooted clumps of brush danced wildly thrugh the air, timbers and adobes clashed, horses neighed with fear, dogs barked furiously, pigs ran about the streets squeaking wildly, chickens ca-kled in furious discordance, and through all the din and confusion the cries of helpless beings imprisoned in the ruins rang out upon the voice of the wild winds in that piteous, hopeless cry. "Save me, save me! O God, save me!" Fifty-two houses were thrown down, and fifty-four persons, or more than one-sixth of the population of the town, were buried beneath the ruins.

A horrible and melancholy incident occurred on Wednesday, when an attempt was made to bury the killed of the disaster. A grave was dug by the citizens some forty-two feet long and eight feet wide, in which the bodies of fourteen of the killed were buried, in rude square-cornered coffins. Five other bodies were being buried in another grave on the same day, when a severe shock suddenly occurred. And the ground all about the graves sank from six to twelve inches, and the earth cracked in various directions. The attendants at the sad rites fell back in dismay; but apprehending no danger, again rallied about the grave and finished the performance of their sad duties.

Colonel Whipple, an aged, intelligent resident, the most prominent survivor, was sleeping in a two-story adobe-house, up-stairs, when the earthquake occurred. He sprang out of bed, caught his pants, and had proceeded about ten feet into the hall, when he was thrown upon his back, the walls and the roof coming right down upon him, and he was knocked momentarily insensible. As soon as he came to and was able to dig out from the ruins, he went down the street to the centre of the town, where the most appalling spectacles awaited him.

The first terror of the great shock over, the citizens of all classes and nationality—each class and nationality having its representative in the immense pile of corpses—united immediately in making suitable arrangements for the burial of the dead.

The few frame houses which the shock left standing were immediately converted into impromptu hospitals, and those who were uninjured volunteered to act as nurses for those who were less fortunate. The three physicians of the town—Dr. Gelich, Dr. Colombo and Dr. Colean, truly humane gentlemen—stepped into the breach without waiting for invitation, and gratuitously gave their services wherever they were needed. The families which escaped unscathed took in as many of the wounded as they could possibly find room for, gave food to those who had none, and raiment to those who had lost theirs in the ruins.

Denier & Stewart are acknowledged to be the heaviest losers by the earthquake. Theirs was an adobe building, one story high, sixty by forty feet in size, and filled to repletion with assorted goods. Adjoining their store was a large frame outbuilding, used for storing gunpowder and grain. Their cellar was well supplied, and an immense shed projected over the main building, reaching clear out to the sidewalk. All of this is now a heterogeneous mass of adobes, timbers, broken crockery, damaged dry goods, etc.

Munzinger & Lubken, who owned the brewery in the town, a large, commodious establishment, well equipped with machinery, had invested \$16,000 cash in their business, which now, with the exception of a vat and a few barrels, is a mass of ruins, nothing remaining standing but upright or supporting timbers. Besides this, Munzinger loses his dwelling-house and a quantity of grain. The grand total of the losses entailed upon the people of this county in a few seconds of time amounts to not less than \$237,000.

NEWS BREVITIES.

PARIS has a Bankrupt Club.

CONSTANTINOPLE hangs defaulters.

VON. BEUST is anxious to visit us.

REVOLUTIONISTS are lively in Spain.

IOWA has abolished capital punishment.

A FRESH crater has opened in Vesuvius.

ANOTHER British frigate has gone ashore.

THE water in St. Louis is growing black.

SAN FRANCISCO street-cars are lighted with gas.

THE Homeopathic Fair in Boston draws well.

ULSTER COUNTY, N. Y., swarms with wild pigeons.

THE Tichborne claimant is at length released.

A CABINET crisis was threatened in England last week.

CROWDS have visited the American fleet at Marseilles.

A BED of meerschaum clay has been found in Michigan.

ARTIFICIAL ice sells for five cents a pound in Honolulu.

GENERAL SICKLES sailed for his post on Saturday last.

THREE more men were swept over Niagara Falls last week.

THE second trial of Mrs. Wharton is postponed to October.

BOSTON is to have a memorial edifice to Theodore Parker.

WAR is being waged against Burlesque on the English Stage.

THE Atlanta crew have been dined by the London Rowing Club.

A NATIONAL College for the Blind is proposed in Washington.

"PRESBYTERIAN BILLIARDS" is what wicked Western sports call croquet.

A NUMBER of lighthouse-keepers on the New England coast are women.

THE young king of Spain has now an opportunity of testing his mettle.

ALMOST the entire Press of California protest against the Goat Island steal.

THEY talk of pensioning teachers, after twenty years' service, in New York.

MRS. SHERMAN, the poisoner, has been convicted of murder in the second degree.

LONDON is said to appear more like Boston on Sundays than any other foreign city.

CONGRESS has ordered the President to demand of Spain the release of Dr. Houard.

ITALIAN residents of New York are moving for a monument to Mazzini in Central Park.

DR. JESSEP, the missionary, appeals to Americans in behalf of the Antioch sufferers.

THE balance of the Grant Dukes go to Europe in June, and return with Duchess Nellie.

GENERAL SHERMAN liked the sugar factories of the Khédive better than the tombs of the Pharaohs.

GEORGIA is to have an Agricultural and Medical College, to be connected with the State University.

A "GROVE" of the ancient and honorable Order of Druids has been organized at Lafayette, Indiana.

IF one wind blew the Jubilee building down, where will the State be after 30,000 persons have emptied their lungs?

COMMODORE VORHEES, of the Brooklyn Yacht Club, has been presented with a gold and silver model of his *Madeleine*.

AN entertainment for the Newsboys' Lodging House, New York, was given at the Academy of Music on the 25th ult.

SEVERAL very pretty ornamented cottages are now in process of erection at Long Branch, to be completed by summer.

THE people of Iowa pass their time in signing petitions for the abolition of capital punishment and in lynching horse-thieves.

WILL any one tell why Inspector Jameson, a most efficient officer of the Metropolitan Police force, and a true gentleman, was dismissed?

SOME enterprising citizens have had beautiful gardens laid out on the roofs of their houses, where they are able to raise the choicest flowers.

FOUR hundred and ninety-two convicts in the Ohio Penitentiary have remonstrated against a relaxation of the temperance laws of that State.

THE Ladies' Union Relief Association of New York are petitioning Congress to open the National cemeteries to the burial of honorably discharged volunteer soldiers.

THE *Great Eastern* is lying at Sheerness, England, waiting for the completion of the fourth Atlantic cable, which will be delivered on board in about three months. She is expected to reach New York in August.

THE President bids for popularity by subscribing to a monument for a much neglected officer, and announcing his summer residence at the Soldiers' Home, Washington. At the same time he is building a costly dwelling at Long Branch.

THE case of Bardell vs. Pickwick has been outdone in real life in England. A blooming young widow, who had been a gentleman's housekeeper, sued his estate after he was dead for damages for an unfulfilled promise of marriage, and got \$750.

IT is proposed that that wild, rocky, elevated portion of the State of New York, known as "John Brown's Tract," which embodies the Adirondacks, be made a "Wilderness Park." Its timber preserve, its game protected from extermination, and its southward-tending streams collected into a vast reservoir, whence a giant aqueduct, two hundred miles long, shall convey water to Albany, New York City, and other places along the Hudson.

A NOVEL experiment in reporting by telegraph was made at the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race in England. The Central News Association had a cable on board one of the steamers following the competing boats. This was paid out as the race proceeded, and through it all the leading facts connected with the race, including the varying positions of the crews and the times at which they reached well-known points, were telegraphed before the race was concluded.

"At the South the spirit of dominion has been the synonym of Federal authority in the shaping of all local organization, open control of large bodies of dependents, interference to sustain worthless officials and ruthless violations of the rights of person. There the substance of entire sections has been plundered, debts mortgaging generations of labor contracted, taxes levied to the point of confiscation—all done under agencies upheld by the National Government.

"Could the two hundred and fifty millions pillaged by the carpet-bag governments have been permitted, except under a dissolute political morality that connived at Tammany in a ten million steal?"

B. GRATZ BROWN.

Southern State Indebtedness

Before the War. At present

Alabama	\$ 7,945,000	\$ 52,761,917
Arkansas	2,084,179	19,398,000
Florida	370,617	15,797,587
Georgia	2,670,750	42,500,500
Louisiana	11,000,000	40,021,734
Mississippi	None	1,697,431
North Carolina	12,689,245	34,887,464
South Carolina	4,407,958	22,480,516
Texas	2,000,000	14,930,000
Virginia	33,248,141	47,090,866
Total	\$ 76,415,890	\$ 291,626,015

Total Increase \$ 215,210,125

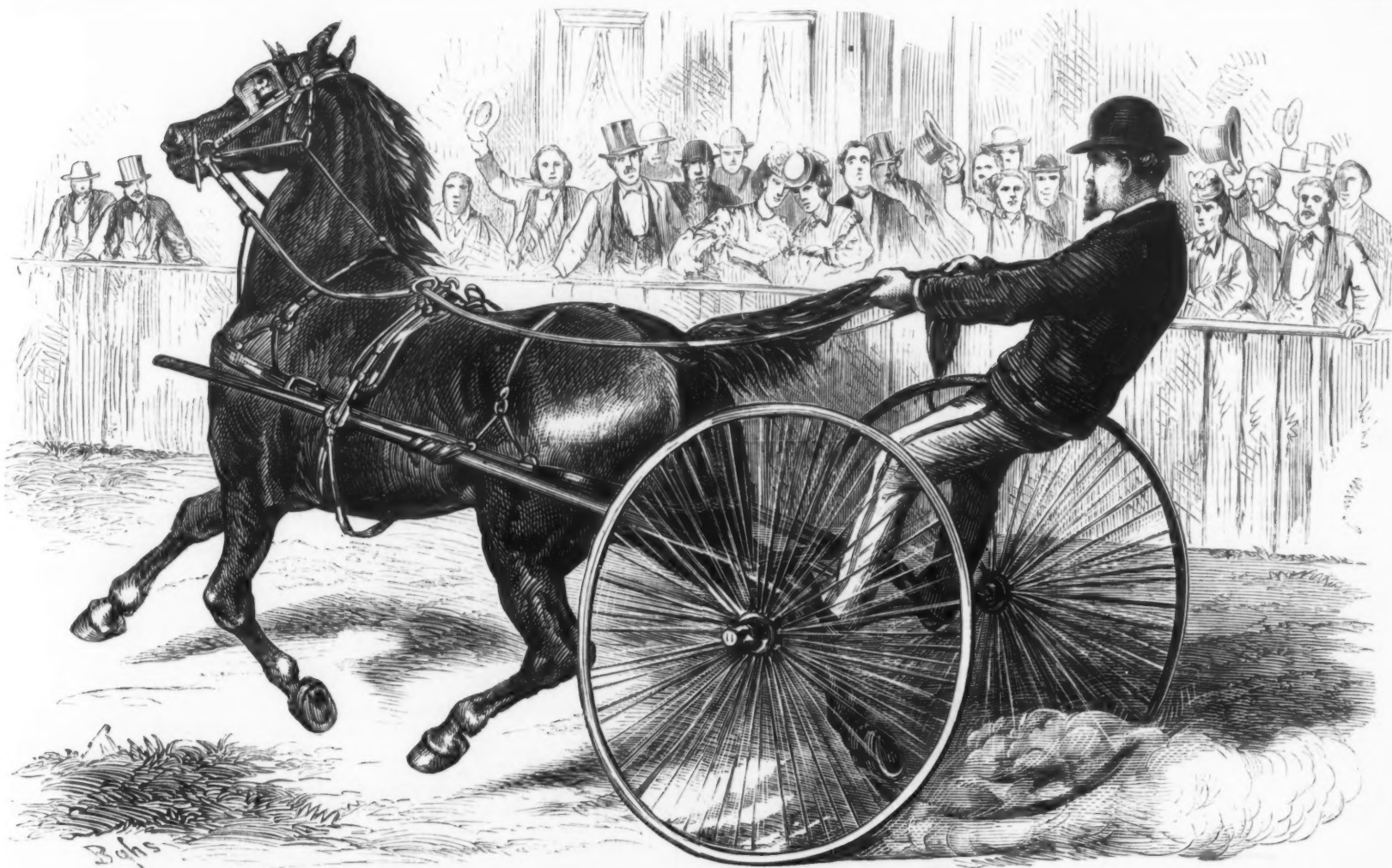
Total debt of the other twenty
Seven States \$ 203,872,552

Total Expense of conducting
the National Government
(Exclusive of Interest & Pensions)
\$ 60,000,000

Present Expense of conducting
the National Government
(Exclusive of Interest & Pensions) \$ 140,000,000



OUR NATIONAL TRUSTEE CALLS HIS STEWARD TO AN ACCOUNT.



NEW YORK CITY.—PROFESSOR MAGNER, THE GREAT HORSE-TAMER, DRIVING A VICIOUS HORSE, AFTER HAVING SUBDUED IT BY HIS PECULIAR METHOD.—SEE PAGE 133.

GOVERNOR B. GRATZ BROWN.

THE Cincinnati Convention, which is to meet about the time this number is issued, will be the most important political gathering held in the country for many years. Its proceedings will be watched with the intensest interest. The most superficial observer can but remark the hearty response of the people to the call, the endorsement by prominent Republicans in and out of Congress, and the significant alarm of the Administration spokesmen.

It is early, now, to speculate upon its action, but it is safe to say that its importance cannot be overestimated. It may inaugurate a political revolution which will sweep the country and bury the old partyisms for ever.

Foremost among the prominent leaders in this movement, who will exercise great influence in shaping its action, is Governor B. Gratz Brown, of Missouri, the leader in the great Missouri campaign of 1870, which prepared the way for the enunciation of a national policy. Though yet in the very prime of life, his public career has been a marvel of brilliant success, signaled throughout by a fearless contempt of party trammels, and a bold and defiant leadership in the proclamation of advanced views. Governor Brown was born in Lexington, Ky., in 1824, graduated at Yale College, and moved to Missouri in 1850. He studied law and practiced with great success, but was elected to the Legislature in 1852, and remained there for a number of years, by successive re-elections. He entered public life as a Democrat and a follower of the great Benton, became identified at once with the large German population of St. Louis, and during his whole career has been put forward as their special representative among the public men of American birth. Though a Southerner by birth and extensive family associations, he proclaimed from the first his Free-soil sympathies. To him belongs the rare distinction of making the first speech in behalf of Emancipation in a Southern Legislature. That speech, delivered at the peril of his life in the Missouri House of Representatives, and at the almost certain sacrifice of all hope of political preferment, was the rallying-point of that Spartan band of Emancipationists who finally redeemed the State. The Germans, who had settled in large numbers in St. Louis, rallied to the support of Gratz Brown, and returned him to the Legislature, after a long contest. From this time of his efforts were unceasing in that cause

of freedom. He founded the St. Louis *Democrat* as the organ of the Free-soilers, and as the fearless and brilliant editor of the only Anti-slavery journal in a slave State, soon won a national reputation. In all these efforts he faced the most bitter opposition. Both the great parties denounced and proscribed him. This was just the occasion for his bold and

defiant character. Opposition, threats, proscription, even peril of life, only intensified his devotion to the great principle of Human Freedom. Into the Kansas war he entered, with all the power and fire of his nature.

His editorials in the *Democrat*, incisive and eloquent, startled the whole country. He early foresaw that the Kansas trouble would extend

to a broader field, and, with his clear perception, warned the people of the magnitude of the coming struggle. In 1860 he called the first Republican convention held in a slave State, and in conjunction with the veteran Muench and Emil Pretorius, the latter now associate editor with Carl Schurz in the *Westliche Post*, organized the Republican Party of

Missouri. At the outbreak of the war he at once raised a regiment, and with Blair and Lyon did efficient service in saving the State to the Union. He took decided ground for immediate emancipation, and at once became the acknowledged leader of the advanced element of the Republican Party, in opposition to the conservative element, and was put forward as their candidate for United States Senator. The contest was bitter and protracted, but the Germans throughout the State rallied to the support of Brown, and after a struggle in the Legislature for several months, he was elected. His course in the Senate was in harmony with his previous career. He was one of the very first to recognize impartial suffrage as the necessary corollary to emancipation, and protested against any form of reconstruction which failed to recognize this principle. His health declining, and large private interests demanding his attention, he declined in 1866 a re-election; and until 1870, though an interested observer, did not actively participate in any of the political movements. The Constitution of the State was intensely proscriptive, and, having opposed it in its inception, his views, whenever occasion called for their expression, were in opposition to a continuance of the policy which it legalized. The oppressions under it finally became unendurable, when the Liberals, under the lead of Brown and Schurz, with the same German element which had done such heroic service in the foundation of the Republican Party, now demanded that the party recognize and declare the new order of things, and remove all political proscription from the law. The result is well known. Overpowered in a packed convention, the Liberals appealed to the people, with Gratz Brown as their standard-bearer. Never was a campaign entered upon under more unfavorable auspices. The whole power of the State and National Administrations was invoked to crush the Liberal movement. The course of the Democrats, who were in a hopeless minority, was for a long time undecided. But the Federal interference only strengthened the cause, and Governor Brown was elected by the unprecedented majority of 42,000—receiving the



GOVERNOR B. GRATZ BROWN, OF MISSOURI.

support of about one-half the Republicans of the State, including nearly all the Germans, and all of the old leaders in the cause of Freedom.

His administration is a brilliant success. He has restored kindly feeling and harmony in a State more distracted than any other by the passions of the war. Elected by the people, irrespective of party, he has disregarded party trammels in his public station, and so, in the dispensation of his patronage, has inaugurated a genuine reform of the civil service. His public messages bear striking evidence to the wonderful breadth and originality of his mind, and ranks him among the very first of American statesmen. His wise, temperate, judicious administration has completely buried the old partyisms in the State, and the Democrats and ex-Confederates unite with his old Abolition friends in the enthusiastic indorsement of the model executive officer. The present position of Missouri is indeed a marvel. The first battle-ground of the struggle, the scene of its bitterest resentments, now presents to the country its own condition as the example of the only genuine reconstruction. As Missouri Republicans were the first to proclaim war against the corruptions and despotism of the Administration, so Missouri Democrats were the first to proclaim the "passive policy" as the means to its overthrow.

The position of Missouri to-day is the unanswerable argument of the Missouri policy.

Such is a passing sketch of the remarkable career of Gratz Brown. In bold and successful leadership, in battling for great principles, his record is one of which no other American statesman can boast. His public life has been a warfare, first against slavery, and now against proscription and centralization; first contending for individual, and now for local freedom. Always a leader, always consistent with himself, and always successful—such a man is the Missouri Governor, one of the foremost, if not the foremost leader in the new revolution, and by many thoughtful observers regarded as the leading statesman of the Mississippi Valley, and probably destined to still higher honor in the leadership of the present Presidential campaign.

THE WIND IN THE STREET.

A COUNTRY wind is in the street;
Tis blowing soft, 'tis blowing sweet;
How fresh it falls on cheek and eyes!
'Tis kissing us from Paradise.
Oh, it has traveled sea and height,
On thymy flowers, the red and white,
O'er golden gorse, and rosy bells
That spread their splendor to the dells;
It slumbered all a perfumed night
On hundred hues of blossom bright;
And shook its wings in glowing skies,
Where lost in blue the planet dies;
And sped away to farm and fold,
All touched with morning's early gold.
It leaped upon the sleeping lake,
And waked the fawns with waving brake;
It rustled through the leaf-hung deeps
Where'er the shy-eyed squirrel leaps,
And out on grass and plow in line,
With song of birds and low of kine;
And now 'tis in the mist-blue street,
But newly thronged with passing feet!
Why blows it here so light and glad
On many a forehead dark and sad?
It is that God's immortal love,
From radiant plains in heaven above,
Has suddenly, in pity, come
To visit Man's overworn home,
And breathes a breath of hope and life
On scenes of sorrow, care and strife.

MY GUARDIAN'S SON.

BY
FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CHAPTER XII.

TWO days passed; I had seen Roland once. The ship was to sail sooner than he expected, and terrible as the thought of parting might be, it was a relief to me to feel that he would be beyond the reach of danger.

Ruth Byerson had not rested until I told her the whole story, reserving only the information that Roland was so near, and I think the first gleam of comfort that had visited the dear old woman's heart in all those years came from my words.

Roland knew that I had told her, and it was decided between us that when the time for his departure approached, she should have the happiness of seeing him once; until then, I dared not run the risk of sharing my secret even with her.

Richard Phelps was watching me constantly, I felt certain of that; trying to discover something which should give him some hold over me, to get some clue to the person that he believed stood between my heart and him. Roland once gone, and I could defy him openly; his tactful persecution should cease instantly, or I would raise a tempest in the house that should teach both mother and son more plainly the spirit with which they had to deal; but until then I dared do nothing. I was bound by that terrible fear which haunted me night and day.

The week was passing. After that one meeting with Roland, there were several days on which I could not get away from the house; both times that I tried, I met Richard Phelps in the grounds, and he joined me in my walk.

My repulsion toward him grew into an actual fever of hate, and I began to have an agonizing dread that he suspected something—nothing which approached the truth, but enough to make him suspicious and more watchful than ever.

And I was watching, too, keenly, intently

as my actions could be regarded, and with a holy purpose at heart which sanctified my cause.

The idea that there was some mystery which, if discovered, would prove of benefit to Roland, had grown into a settled belief in my mind. It was a vague, wild idea, but I had ceased to consider it so; my whole energy was concentrated in the mad hope which consumed me.

I was very seldom left alone now. Mrs. Phelps sought my society in a way she had never before done; and whenever I took refuge in my own rooms, I was constantly disturbed by interruptions, on some frivolous pretext, either by her personally, or some of the servants, with messages or pretended errands.

At first I puzzled myself as to the reason, but the truth suddenly flashed upon me. I only wondered at my own blindness in not having discovered it before.

They were afraid that my suspicions had been so thoroughly aroused by that second alarm, that, if left to myself, I would wander about the upper stories in search of some clue. That idea once born in my mind, it never left it; my belief in the mystery which surrounded them grew stronger. I would know. I believed that I was doing my duty, and nothing should stop me.

One afternoon when there were callers at the house, and I knew that both Mrs. Phelps and Richard were engaged, I determined to explore the upper stories.

The main part of the building had only an attic above the second floor, I knew that; but it might connect with the apartments in the tower, which had been shut up since the death of that unfortunate man.

This tower, as I have said, was at one side of the house, separated from the other part by a wide hall. It had been erected by Harry Phelps, when he came there to live, for his own accommodation, that he might, when he chose, gratify his bachelor love of solitude as completely as if he had been in a separate dwelling.

Ruth had told me that the lower floor was divided into a library and breakfast-room; above was a bedchamber and dressing-room, but there was still a full story more, for the tower ran up to a considerable distance above the main building.

It was from the passage which led up the attic-stairs that Richard Phelps had appeared on both those nights when I heard that fearful cry. I could not be deceived there.

There were no doors on the second floor connecting with the tower; Mrs. Phelps had wished to keep his isolation as complete as possible; but there might be in the attic. I would see what was there, at all events.

I went along the side passage, which must have led into an entry over the lower hall that connected with the tower, opened a door, and found myself at the foot of a narrow staircase which led into the attic.

It was not very dark. Looking up, I could see at the head of the stairs a large bull's-eye window, which lighted the garret sufficiently to make objects distinctly visible.

I ran up the stairs, and found myself in a large, gloomy attic, which was evidently used, as I had heard Mrs. Phelps say, as a storeroom for refuse furniture and all the useless lumber which accumulates in a house dwelt long in by the same family.

There was nothing at all mysterious in the place; it was as commonplace as an old garret could be, and I stood looking about with a feeling of disappointment, though what I had expected to find, it would have puzzled me to tell.

There was no door that I could see which communicated with the tower, and the garret was entirely shut off from the attic on the side of the building where the kitchen and dining-room were situated—that portion I knew was arranged for the servants' sleeping-chambers, and this room had been left in its present unfinished state from the impossibility of turning it to any particular account.

I was looking about, searching for a door on the side toward the tower, when I heard a step in the passage below. It approached the foot of the attic-stairs, paused an instant, then began to ascend.

Some one was coming up into the garret! I crept softly beyond the window and hid myself behind a pile of great boxes, that had evidently been used some time for packing furniture. From my place of concealment I could see whoever ascended the stairs, without danger of being discovered. As I looked, I saw Richard Phelps appear, and I crouched lower, my heart beating so violently that it seemed to me he must catch its pulsations.

He was standing at the head of the stairs. I heard him step forward, and, as I said, I crouched down in sudden fear. Then I heard a sound like the falling of a piece of metal on the floor. He gave a muttered exclamation, and stooped to pick up something.

I leaned forward to see what had fallen from his hand; as I did so, he turned toward the wall on the side of the tower, which, in most places, was heaped up with boards, broken furniture and all sorts of rubbish.

He wheeled an old secretary aside—it slid back on its rollers without any noise. I leaned eagerly forward; my weight pressed too heavily against the boxes, and one of them fell to the floor with a loud crash.

"What the deuce is that?" I heard him exclaim.

I sprang to my feet and began pulling at some small boxes which had been thrust inside the larger ones. I heard him hurry toward the spot, exclaiming:

"Who is there? What do you want? Mrs. Byerson, is that you?"

I gave a little cry of pretended alarm, and started up so that he could see me distinctly.

"How you frightened me!" I exclaimed.

"In heaven's name, Miss Eleanor, what

is it brings you up into this den?" he said, sharply.

I laughed, and held out my hands, which were covered with dust.

"I am sufficiently punished," I said; "don't scold! See, I have torn my dress, too, on those horrid nails."

The look of fear and suspicion was in his face still, but he said, more quietly:

"I cannot imagine what you are doing here. I thought it must be your wrath."

"I wanted a box," I said, very naturally, "to pack away some old papers in. Ruth told me there were a quantity of all sizes here, and I came up to look."

"Surely you might have sent one of the servants; your comfort must be strangely overlooked in the house if you are obliged to wait on yourself in this manner."

"Dear me, there is no one to blame. Ruth promised to get me a box, but I suppose she forgot it. I was pulling out my papers, and was seized with a desire to arrange them on the instant, so up I ran, and have put myself in the plight you see."

I was so perfectly calm to all appearances, and the story was so natural, that I could see the suspicion die out of his face.

"I came up to look for fishing-tackle," he said; "I remember there was a quantity stowed away in that old secretary."

"Very well," I said; "help me to get my box, and I will help you to hunt for what you want."

He stooped, and pulled out one of the boxes, saying:

"Will this answer?"

"Oh, perfectly. I am sorry to make you so much trouble. I can easily carry it down."

"I think you have spoiled your dress sufficiently," he replied; "and look at your hand—it is bleeding."

I had hurt it against a nail, but it was nothing serious.

"It is a mere scratch," I said, but he would not believe it.

"I insist on your coming down-stairs, where I can look at it," he replied.

"But your fishing-tackle?"

"Oh, it is no matter; I doubt if it is there, after all; anyway, I have got quite dust enough in my throat for once."

He stepped on before me, pushed the secretary in place, and waited at the head of the stairs for me to pass down.

"What a waste of room this is!" I said, looking about.

"Yes; but a house always needs a place to store trash, and my mother is principled against throwing anything away. I am sure she prizes these maimed sofas and old lumber beyond everything she has in the world."

"What a quaint old secretary that is!" I added.

"Yes; but quite worthless."

"This room is not connected with any other? The tower must be here—another waste space, I suppose, on this floor."

"There is no room at all. My uncle built the tower for his own use. The first and second floors were arranged only for occupation. The roof is about on a level with us as we stand here—just the outer walls built up to give an imposing height."

"It would have made a lovely little observatory to have carried up the roof to the top."

"Yes; but it was not done. We shall never do it, of course, for the tower is not used. You can readily understand why. Pray don't stand here any longer, Miss Vaughn; it is very chilly and damp—you will catch cold."

"And be served right for my folly, you think?"

"Oh, I am not so harsh as that; but you certainly have the greatest fondness for waiting on yourself of any young lady I ever saw."

I made some laughing reply, and turned to go down-stairs, but as I did so I caught my dress against a pile of boards, and in stooping down to extricate it, the locket I always wore now slipped out of my bosom; the chain was caught in a heap of rods lying on the planks; it snapped, and the trinket rolled down the stairs.

I started forward, but Richard Phelps was still quicker—he had caught the shine of the ornament as it fell.

"Don't touch it!" I cried, in an agony of fear.

"It is not lost; it must be on the stairs. I shall find it."

I darted down after him; fairly pushed him aside in my excitement, exclaiming:

"I don't wish you to find it! Let it alone, I say!"

He looked up at me quickly.

"A part of your secret, Miss Vaughn?" he said, sneeringly.

As he spoke, I saw the gold shining just at his feet. He saw it at the same instant, and before I could move he had picked it up, and was holding it in his clinched hand.

"Give me my locket!" I exclaimed, passionately.

He laughed outright.

"My dear young lady, I have no intention of stealing it," he said. "It must be something very precious, to make you so agitated."

"It is mine, and I wish it," I returned.

"I think I deserve a reward for finding it. Just one peep, Miss Vaughn."

His tone of mockery enraged me beyond endurance; between that and the fear of discovery, I was quite beside myself.

"Mr. Phelps, give me that locket," I said.

He only laughed again, and ran down-stairs. I followed, calling passionately after him, and overtook him in the main hall.

"Will you give that back?" I asked.

He held it up high above my reach, and cried out playfully, though I could hear the earnestness and menace piercing through that gay tone:

"I have earned the right to look! I warned you that I should come at the bottom of your secret."

"Give me that locket!" I exclaimed. "or I will leave the house on the instant. I will endure this insolence no longer."

"You forget that you are not of age," he said, in the same tone of raillery; "my mother would be bound to bring you back."

I stamped upon the ground in rage and fear; I had never known there was such a depth of passion in my nature. This man seemed to bring out a thousand evil qualities in my character which I had not dreamed of possessing.

"Give me that locket, Richard Phelps! You are a coward! A man who would do so mean a thing is capable of the basest crimes!"

His face darkened into terrible passion; he clutched the locket more tightly, and retorted:

"Is it on a par with the curiosity which makes a young lady go prying about other people's houses in secret?"

For an instant the taunt made me forget all prudence or fear.

"If people have nothing to conceal, they need not be troubled," I cried; "but a house like this, where one cannot sleep at night—where the master of it goes wandering about at all hours with secret keys, and utters bold falsehoods about vacant rooms, has something to hide."

His breath came quickly. His eyes blazed down on me in fearful wrath.

"I do believe you are mad!" he exclaimed.

"It would be a pity if my mother was forced to shut her ward up in a lunatic asylum."

"I believe you would be capable of it," I cried; "but you are powerless. Remember that! Give me my locket, sir!"

"Still the old cry," he said, laughing again.

"I tell you I am going to look at it. I should do it if it were only to see how great a rage you can work yourself into. It is as good as a play. Upon my word, you are a perfect Medea."

I caught at his arm, but I was quite powerless to stir him. He must not see it. I could not tell if danger would come of it, but I could not have Richard Phelps master of any part of my secret.

"I beg you to give it back," I pleaded; "do not be so ungenerous, so cruel. Give it back."

"Ah, now you are doing the tender and entreating! Well, that is a success, too. But I shall look at the locket, nevertheless."

"Oh, if I were a man, I would kill you!" I exclaimed.

"Oh, what an unchristian creature you are! Now for the secret!"

I cannot tell what I did. I was quite insane. I know I struggled with him violently. I believe I struck him with all my force. I know I uttered the most passionate language, and might easily have been considered mad by any looker-on.

With him the contest was a playful one all the time. If I had not known him so well—if I had not seen the revengeful light which blazed in his eyes under all that scornful meritment, I might have believed that it was only a mischievous desire to annoy me and laugh at my excitement which induced him to persevere. But I could not be deceived. Below it all there was a fierce, burning rage—a determination to penetrate my secret to the very bottom, and ascertain whether its possession could be turned to account in his plans.

He kept me back with one hand, laughing all the while, and uttering tantalizing words; with the other he pressed the spring of the locket. I heard the cover fly back. He held the trinket so that he could look at the picture contained.

I ceased to struggle. I stood perfectly still and watched him. He gave one glance, uttered a suppressed cry of astonishment and rage, and crushed the trinket in his hand.

"Roland Weston!" he exclaimed. "So, this is your secret. He is the man?"

I did not tremble. I would have died rather than betrayed the least agitation.

"If you have satisfied your curiosity, be good enough to give me back my locket," I said, coldly.

He caught my hand, and looked in my eyes with his scorching glance.

"This is the man you love," he hissed; "this murderer! This escaped criminal!"

"And your cousin!" I exclaimed; "remember that!"

"I cast him off! I disown him! If I had it in my power, I would give him up to the punishment which he evaded."

"I have no doubt of that. You are mean and vile enough for any act of treachery. Fortunately, it is not in your power."

He flung the locket on the floor, and ground it to fragments under his heel. I did not cry out; the blow seemed to fall upon my bare heart, but I made no sign.

"I would crush him in the same way," he exclaimed.

"Be satisfied," I replied; "your plan have succeeded—you have put him out of your way for ever."

I spoke the words without much thought, but he grew very pale and troubled; his emotion lasted only an instant, then his passion flamed up fiercer than before.

"This was your secret?" he cried. "You carry a murderer's portrait in your bosom?"

"The portrait of a wronged and innocent man," I answered, in a tone as full of reckless passion as his own; "how fearfully wronged, no one knows so well as you, Richard Phelps."

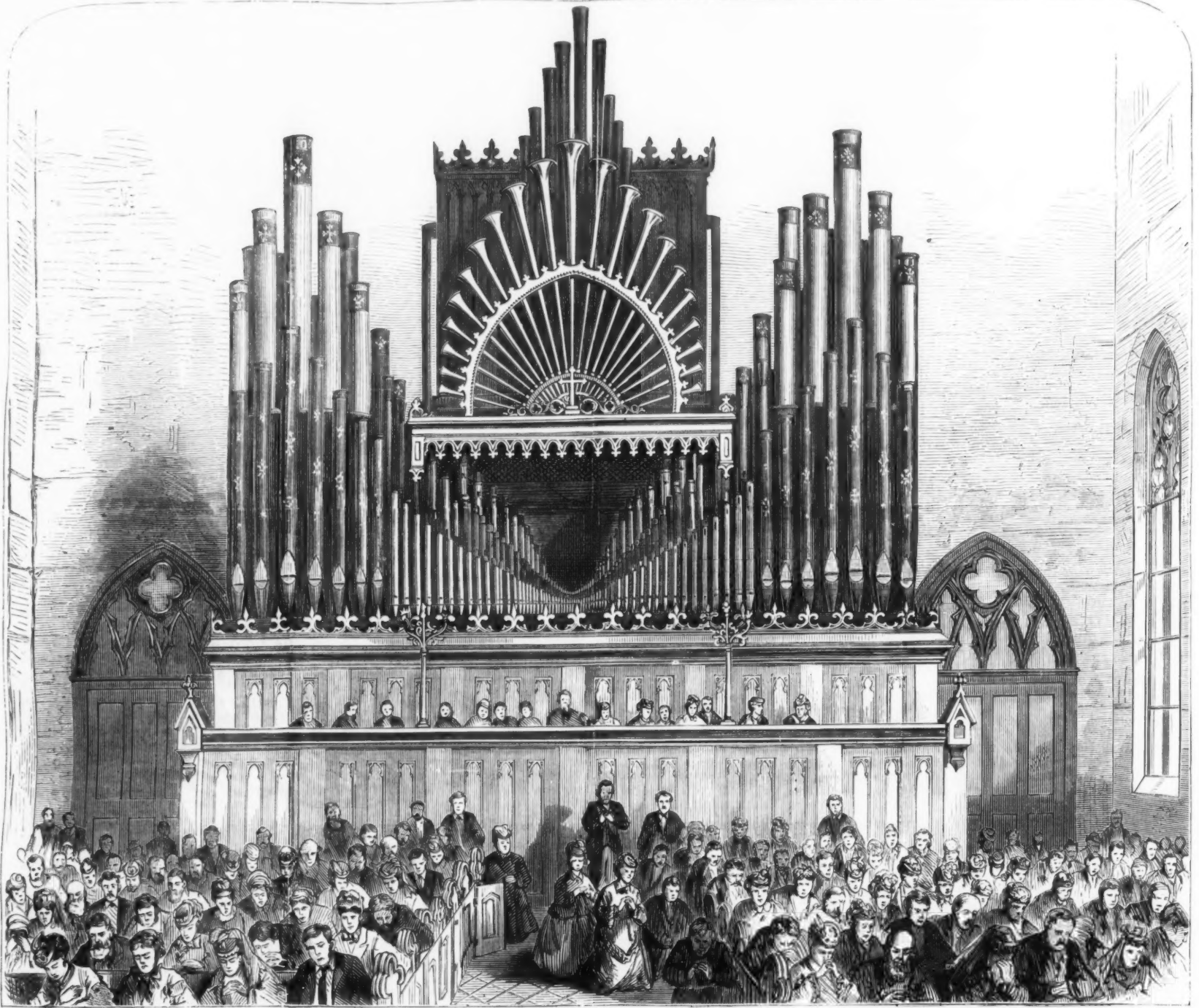
He ground his teeth, muttering fearful words under his breath. I do believe it was only the fear of consequences which kept him from murdering me on the spot.

I was so carried away by my anger, that I had no thought. I must have said the most dreadful things to him, or he was livid as a corpse, and shook from head to foot.

"You shall never see him again!" he cried.

"I swear it!"

"I defy and despise you!" I answered. "Do not attempt to meddle in any way with me; I



NEW YORK CITY.—THE GRAND ORGAN LATELY ERECTED IN THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST, IN FIFTIETH STREET.—SEE PAGE 139.



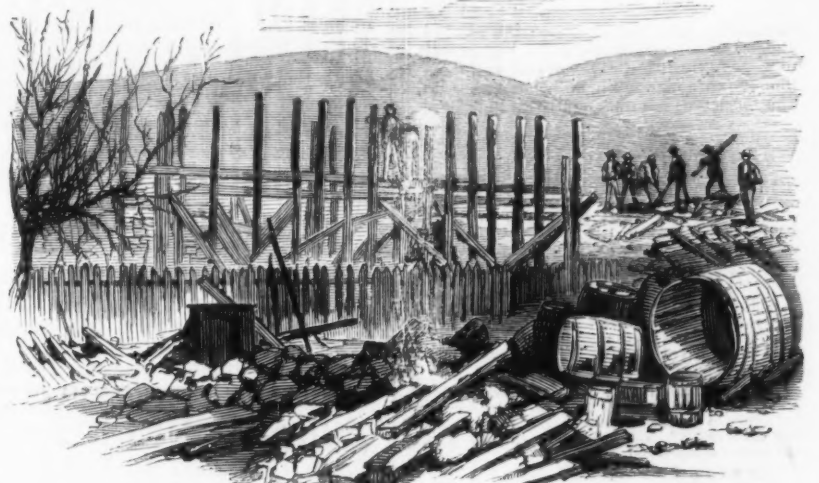
THE NEW BRIDGE OF THE KANSAS AND MISSOURI RAILROAD COMPANY, OVER THE MISSOURI RIVER (GENERAL W. W. WRIGHT, ENGINEER).—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. E. HENRY.



CALIFORNIA.—THE EARTHQUAKE OF MARCH 27TH, 1872—VIEW OF DENNER & STEWART'S BUILDING, AT LONE PINE, AFTER THE SHOCK.—SEE PAGE 135.



CALIFORNIA.—THE COURT-HOUSE AT INDEPENDENCE, AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE.



CALIFORNIA.—MUNZINGER & LUBKEN'S BREWERY, AT LONE PINE, AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE.

FROM SKETCHES BY THE SPECIAL ARTIST OF THE SAN FRANCISCO "CHRONICLE."

THE GREAT KANSAS AND MISSOURI BRIDGE.

A MAGNIFICENT iron railway and highway bridge was completed, on 15th March last, across the Missouri River, and inaugurated April 18th by a celebration in which many prominent persons and societies, and the chief dignitaries of the city and State, participated. The bridge is located exactly 1½ miles from the northern line of the city of Leavenworth. This point was selected because it was the narrowest place in the river, and, therefore, other things being equal, the cheapest to bridge.

The bridge is made entirely of iron, is very substantial, and presents a fine appearance. It was built by contract, and the funds required to construct it were principally raised by the levy of county bonds, which nearly all the prominent citizens personally pledged themselves to redeem, and were thus negotiated in New York.

Work on the approach was commenced on July 20th, 1869, but the piers were not started until October following. On October 20th the first column was placed in position, and on July 1st, 1871, the whole substructure was completed.

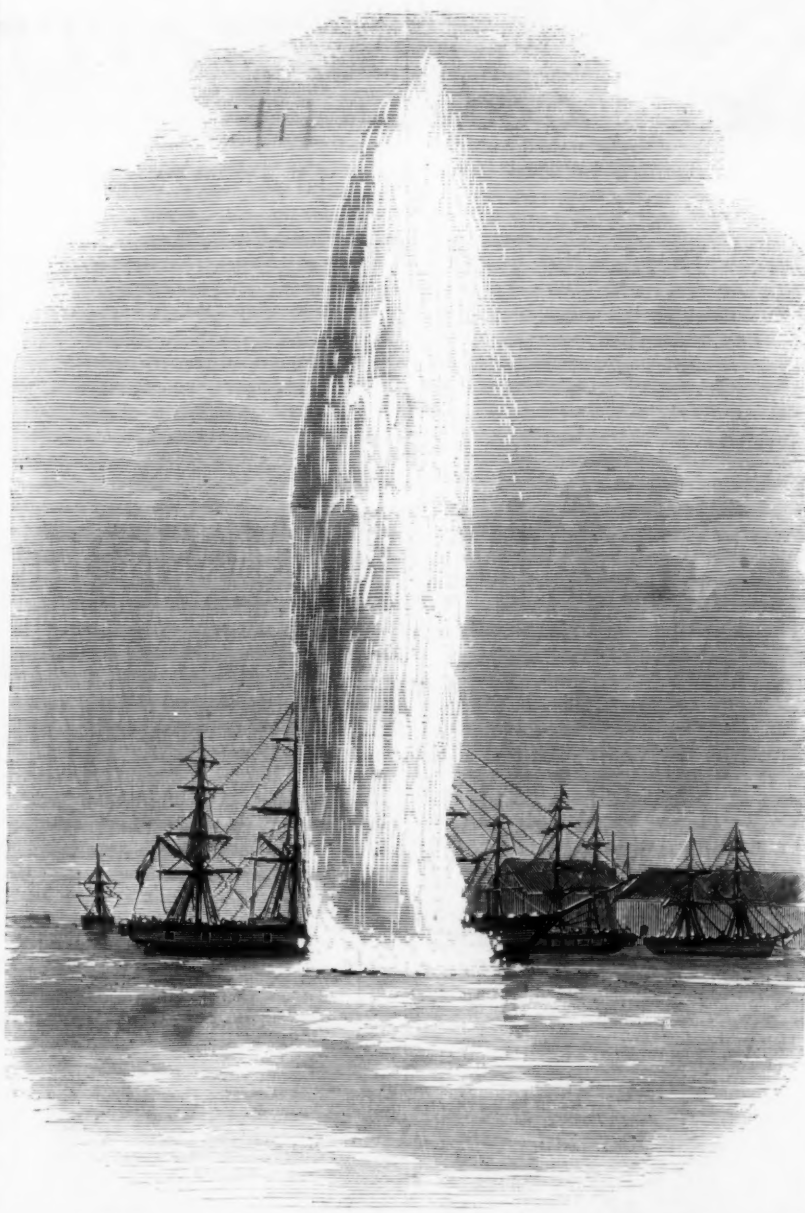
The first iron for the superstructure was placed in position on the 12th of last December, and the last span was completed on the 13th of March, this year. The bridge would have been completed fully twelve months earlier, had not many vexatious delays occurred.

The total weight of wrought-iron in the bridge is 2,093,300 pounds, and of cast-iron, 700,417, making a weight of iron per lineal foot of 2,812 pounds, exclusive of the floor. The superstructure consists of 7,436 separate pieces of manufactured iron, some weighing 5 tons. The bridge consists of three spans, the western and middle being each 340 feet, and the eastern, 314. Being intended for both railway and highway traffic, a single railway track is laid in the middle of the roadway, and the top course of floor-planks is laid even with the top of the iron rails, so that wagons can pass freely from one side to the other.

The western railroad approach may be considered as extending from the end of the bridge to a point where any railroad desiring can connect with it. This point is about 1,500 feet from the bridge, and is reached by a cutting through the Arsenal Hill, with a maximum depth of 50 feet.

The eastern railroad approach commences at the bridge, with a substantial wooden trestle 50 feet high, decreasing in height to 35 feet in a distance of 1,600 feet; it is then continued by an earth embankment 2,400 feet further, to a point where the grade is but 10 feet above the natural surface, and where all desired railroad connections can be easily made.

The most remarkable feature about the bridge, and the one which, by its comparative cheapness and peculiar adaptation to the conditions of the Missouri River, enabled the work



MASSACHUSETTS.—EXPERIMENTAL EXPLOSION OF A TORPEDO FROM U. S. STEAMER "WYOMING," IN BOSTON HARBOR.—FROM AN INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH.

to be undertaken and completed, is the use of pneumatic iron columns for piers. This plan of putting in foundations had been used for a number of bridges in Europe, but its application in this country was confined to two or three small structures. In no case had the principle been carried to near the extent required here, of going to such a depth, or so great a height. Nevertheless, the Chief-Engineer of the Bridge Company boldly recommended its adoption for this work, and drew up specifications accordingly, which were adopted by the Board of Directors, and contractors were found willing to undertake the execution of the work. How successful the experiment has proved is best seen and appreciated by an inspection of these graceful and substantial piers.

The total cost of the bridge, including current expenses of the company, was \$800,000.

The bridge was located and the whole work planned by the Engineer-in-Chief, General W. W. Wright, under whose personal supervision it has been executed.

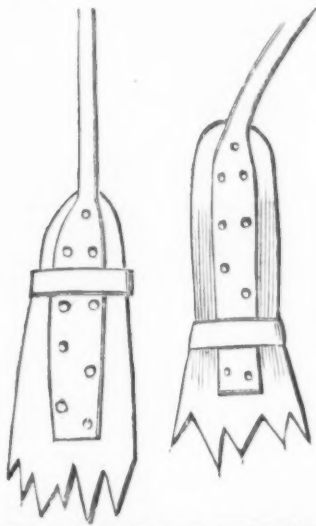
TORPEDO PRACTICE.

THE late attempts of several sensational journals to convince the public that the United States was on the eve of a disastrous war with some foreign country had the effect of attracting pretty general attention to the subject of our coast defenses and vessels-of-war. The manufacture, arrangement and usefulness of torpedoes received a sudden interest beyond naval purviews, and when reports were made of experiments with these little-understood contrivances, newspapers saw a full confirmation of the nation's danger.

Torpedo-practice is not a novelty of this year or last. It is true that improvements are being constantly suggested, and new features discovered. Every great campaign has its lesson for countries at peace, and though we may not expect a war to-morrow, it is but natural and proper that our army and navy should receive the benefit of the latest innovations. The Torpedo Corps of the navy was established, we believe, at the suggestion of the late Admiral Dahlgren, and located at Newport, R.I. There the younger officers passed through a course of instruction, theoretical and practical. From this depot torpedoes are sent to the different navy-yards for vessels fitting out for foreign stations. The torpedo-spar and apparatus are prepared at the several yards for the ships, while the torpedo proper is provided by the corps at the main depot. Every vessel in the navy is furnished with a number, which can be used at short notice.

Our illustration represents a trial from the United States steamer *Wyoming*, at the Boston Navy Yard. The torpedo—a 100-pounder—was attached to a spar 30 feet in length, projecting from the bow. The fuse was ignited by means of an electric battery on the ship. This method has been proven more practical than the percussion. The danger of an accident break-

ing the spar, and causing an explosion on the side of the vessel, instead of the enemy, is thus obliterated.



THE SPAR BEFORE AND AFTER THE EXPLOSION.

The height of the mainmast of the *Wyoming*, from the truck to the water-line, is 125 feet. The column of water thrown up by the explosion was 380 feet in altitude and 50 in diameter. After the explosion the iron band about the torpedo was thrown back nearly a foot, compressing the wood and wrinkling it like the skin on one's hand when gathered up. The shock was felt but slightly on the ship.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

How to prevent fits—Buy ready-made boots.
The mother's heart gives 4th joy at the baby's 1st 2th.

A **CLEVERMAN** said, the other day, that modern young ladies were not daughters of Shem and Ham, but the daughters of Hem and Sham.

A **BROAD HINT**.—She—“Ah, if you meant half you said you wouldn't go away.” He—“But, my darling, a sailor, you know—” She—“Yes, I do know; but I thought a sailor was always a mari-ner!”

A **YOUNG** man asked a young lady her age, and she replied: “6 times 7 and 7 times 3 added to my age, will exceed 6 times 9 and 4, as double my age exceeds 20.” The young man said he thought she looked much older.

SHE was a tender-hearted woman who said to a friend, who announced the sudden death of her husband while she was at dinner: “You just wait till I get through eating, and then you will hear some crying that will do you good to listen to.”

A **LADY**, who loved Bulwer, entered a bookstore just as one of the clerks had killed a large rat. “I wish to see ‘What he will do with it,’” said she to a boy behind the counter. “Well,” said the boy, “if you'll step to the window, you will probably see him sling it into the back lot.”

THEY have sharp lawyers Down East. One of them, marketing for a dinner, asks a poultry-dealer: “Is that turkey a young one?” “Yes, sir.” “Will you take your oath on it?” “Certainly I will.” Lawyer administers the oath, charges a dollar for his services, and takes his pay in poultry.

THEY intend to do the thing upon an enormous scale, clear through, at the Boston Jubilee. They are said to be working away now at a pump-log, 60 feet long, which will be used for a life for the grand orchestra. It will be blown by nitro-glycerine. And a Boston foundry is casting a gigantic jewsharp, which will cover about an acre of ground. It will be played by a steel thumb weighing a ton, and worked by a 1,000-horse power steam engine. George Francis Train will supply the wind. All they want now is to bring Vesuvius over and make a whistle of it by blowing steam up through the crater, and to stretch sheepskin over the mouth of the Mammoth Cave for a drum, using telegraph-poles for drumsticks, and then this Jubilee will be entitled to credit as something respectable.

PERHAPS the heartiest laugh of the Tichborne trial was produced by the Attorney General, Sir John Duke Coleridge, in the course of his speech on the 26th of January. The learned counsel read a letter to the court and jury written by the claimant, under the name of Roger Charles Tichborne, to his “dear mamma,” the dowager. The reading was accompanied by comments, and was thus concluded: “And he finishes,” said the Attorney General, “with this edifying piece of religion: ‘God bless you, my dear mamma, and may our Holy Mother protect you,’ and, although he possibly does not mean it, it reads—‘Protect you from your affectionate son, R. C. Tichborne.’”

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

Mrs. E. A. MacCra, Shoe Heel, N. C., has used her Wheeler & Wilson Lock-Stitch Sewing Machine since 1857 with perfect success in every respect, stitching the clothing for 30 colored servants and a large family of whites, and army clothing and hospital bedding during the war, without the slightest repair. It is now as good as when bought. See the new Improvements and Woods's Lock-Stitch Ripper.

CRANE & Co., the importers and dealers in Fancy Groceries, of 190 Fulton Street, New York, have become the sole agents in the United States and Canada for the celebrated firms of Batty & Co., London, and Curry & Co., Belfast. They now keep a full supply of the standard stock of these houses, including the favorite English Pickles and Sauces, and the most refreshing Ginger Ale—a beverage of particular value during the heated term. Crane & Co., are also proprietors of Hill's East India Manioca. In addition to these specialties, they have a tempting array of Fancy Groceries, in keeping with the requirements and tastes of the season.

CANADA GOES IN FOR THE GREAT MUSICAL CARNIVAL.—We have been shown a dispatch from Port Hope, Canada, that was sent to George H. Ellis by influential parties to-day, asking him to send an agent with tickets for the Great Carnival, as the people wanted them, and thousands would be sold there at once, and also that the people would make the attendance a great holiday; and so it goes everywhere.

SIXTY PER CENT. allowed agents on “Carpentry Made Easy.” HOWARD CHALKEN, Philad'a.

Founded on a Rock!—The disappointed adventurers who have from time to time attempted to run their worthless notions against PLANTATION BETTERS, vow that they cannot understand what foundation there is for its amazing popularity. The explanation is simple enough. The reputation of the world-renowned tonic is founded upon a rock, the ROCK OF EXPERIENCE.

BRAMHALL, SMITH & Co., successors to Colby Bros. & Co., have removed from 508 Broadway to the large five story building, 123 Chambers Street, where purchasers will find the largest stock in the country of hobby-horses, boys' velocipedes, sleds and sleighs, children's carriages, etc., etc.

E. & H. T. Anthony & Co., 591 Broadway, N. Y., opposite Metropolitan Hotel. Chromos and Frames, Stereoscopes and Views, Graphoscopes, Albums and Celebrities, Photo-Lantern Slides, and Photographic Materials.

The new Colonnade Hotel, Philadelphia, Pa., is in the vicinity of several METHODIST CHURCHES.

All Druggists sell Burnett's Cocaine for the hair.

For Moth Patches, Freckles, AND TAN, USE PERRY'S MOTH & FRECKLE LOTION—the only reliable and harmless remedy for Brown Discolorations of the Face. Sold by all Druggists. Depot, 49 Bond Street, N. Y.

SKIN DISEASES.

PERRY'S IMPROVED COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY.—The Skin Medicine of the Age. Is warranted to cure RED, WHITE and MATTERED Pimples; FLESH WORMS and BLOTCHED disfigurements of the skin.

Prepared only by DR. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

A SILVER TIP

ADDS FIVE CENTS

To the cost of a Shoe, and
One Dollar to its Value.

ABSURD to think of using thread which will rot, or pegs that shrink and fall out. To fasten the soles of Boots and Shoes to the upper, CABLE SCREW WIRE is the only method that will hold.

WE GIVE IT AWAY!!!

BOOK OF WONDERS

Contains over 50 Splendid Illustrations, Rich and Rare. “Valuable Recipes” and Secrets worth knowing, etc. Send three-cent stamp to pay postage. Address, B. FOX & CO., Station “A,” New York City.

SALE OF THE Mt. Florence Estate, WITH A CASH FUND!

TOTAL VALUATION,

\$350,000 00.

All to be distributed among SHAREHOLDERS, as a majority may determine, at a meeting to be held in the City of New York on the

15th Day of May, 1872.

SHARES ONLY

ONE DOLLAR EACH. FOR SALE

At the Office of the General Manager,
635 BROADWAY N. Y.

Persons residing at a distance, remitting the money for the number of shares they may wish, will receive them promptly by return mail.

This is an absolute, bona fide, and peremptory sale of a magnificent property on the Hudson, near New York City, to which a CASH FUND has been added.

Liberal Inducements offered to Agents and Canvassers.

Special Terms made with Clubs.

For full particulars, Shares, References, Descriptive Circulars, Illuminated Views, etc., etc., address

JOHN A. LEFFERTS, General Manager,
635 BROADWAY, N.Y. P.O. Box 3,459.

JOHN W. SIMONS, Secretary,
JOHN C. SMITH, Treasurer, New York Merchants' Exchange, 50 & 52 Pine Street.

500 HOUSE LOTS WILL BE GIVEN AWAY to the first who apply; no restrictions. Object to encourage immigration. Situated in various towns, villages and cities in the State of Nebraska. For full particulars, address Messrs. PATTEE & CO., Real Estate Dealers, No. 114 Broadway, New York, or Nebraska Land Co., Omaha, Neb. Tickets to the Grand Concert, in aid of Mercy Hospital, May 30, at Omaha, are \$3 each, or two for \$5. Address PATTEE & GARDNER, Omaha, Nebraska.

AGENTS and Peddlers for our Press and Strainer. Presses and strains jams, jellies, herbs, vegetables, lard, tallow, meats, cheese, etc.; quick and profitable. Over 60,000 sold in a few localities. Every family wants it. Circulars free. Littlefield & Dame, 102 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. 867-70

PSYCHOLOGIC Fascination or Soul Charming, 400 pages, by Herbert Hamilton, B.A. How to use this power (which all possess) at will. Divination, Spiritualism, Sorceries, Demonology, and a thousand other wonders. Price, by mail, \$1.25, in cloth; paper covers, \$1. Copy free to agents only. \$1.00 monthly easily made. Address, T. W. EVANS, Pub., 41 S. 8th St., Phila., Pa. 607-8

The Best Place in New York to Buy Reliable Watches, fine Diamonds, rich fashionable Jewelry and sterling Silver Wedding Presents, is SQUIRE'S, 97 Fulton Street. Diamonds a specialty.

WANTED—BOOK AGENTS for a New Work by JOHN S. C. ARLOTT, suited to every family and all classes. The theme—the price—and style, render it the best book for canvassers ever published. The field is clear, with no competition. Address at once, B. R. RUSSELL, Publisher, Boston Mass.

THE GREAT Musical & Gift Carnival.

Dodworth's World-Renowned Band,

Under the direction of

HARVEY B. DODWORTH, of New York,
Comprising 50 members;

Also the Queen of Song, Mrs. JENNIE VAN ZANDT;
Mlle. FILOMENO,
The distinguished Violinist and Pianist;

And other great artists, including Mr. BENT, the
renowned Cornet Soloist; on

FALLS FIELD, ROCHESTER, N. Y.,

July 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th, 1872,

Under the Mammoth Tent used last season by Mr. P. T. Barnum for his two combined shows, being the largest canvas tent in the world.

Three concerts each three first days, the last day two concerts only by all the city bands, July 2d, 3d and 4th, Doors open at 10 A.M., 2 P.M., and 7 P.M. July 5th, Doors open 9 A.M. and 7 P.M. This last day the Distribution will take place. This will be the largest Musical Carnival ever given in New York State.

PRIZES, \$175,000!

Given to Ticket-holders without any Reserve.

These Gifts consist of the most Valuable, Rare, Elegant and Costly Goods and Property.

TICKETS ONLY ONE DOLLAR.

Every person purchasing one ticket may become the possessor of these world-renowned prizes:

The Great Carnival Six-in-Hand, Consisting of these matchless teams: Barnum's Black Team, the late Colonel Fisk's Gray Team, and Tillinghast's Splendid Blood Bays, forming the six finest horses in the world.

The Elegant Landau Coach Made for the Emperor of Germany, and a Splendid GOLD-MOUNTED HARNESS.

The Magnificent Parlor and Bedroom Set of Furniture Made for the Grand Duke Alexis.

The Miniature Steamboat “Providence,” Made of Silver and Gold, for the late Colonel Fisk, with a Musical Box attached, which plays eight tunes.

The Beautiful White Trick Pony.

The Mammoth Ox, weighing 4,000 pounds.

An Immense number of

Trees and Plants of the Rarest Kinds.

In addition to these matchless attractions are innumerable others, consisting of Splendid Furniture, Jewelry, Solid Bronze Articles, Majolica Ware, and many other articles of *bijouterie* and *verru*; Sewing Machines, Pianos, Organs, Harpicas, Trunks and Satchels, Oil Paintings and every variety of Parlor Adornments, Furs, Carriages, Chromos, and Silk Dresses and Patterns, etc., etc. In a word, there are the unparalleled number of 6,267 splendid gifts, valued at \$175,000, to be distributed, and every holder of a dollar ticket stands a fair chance of becoming a rich man.

PLAN OF DISTRIBUTION.

One hundred and seventy-five thousand numbers, representing the number of tickets issued, will be placed in ONE wheel, and cards inscribed with the names of the gifts will be placed in another. From these wheels a number and a gift will be drawn simultaneously, the number drawn in each instance taking the gift drawn at the same time.

All orders for tickets by mail must be addressed to

GEORGE H. ELLIS, Manager,
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK STATE,
64 BUFFALO STREET (Powers's Commercial Building).

FREE TO BOOK AGENTS.

We will send a handsome Prospectus of our *New Illustrated Family Bible*, containing over 450 fine Scripture Illustrations, to any Book Agent, free of charge. Address NATIONAL PUB. Co. Phila., Pa. [66-9]

\$10 to \$20 DAILY Paid CANVASSING AGENTS. Exclusive Territory. New monopoly. Sells in every family to entire satisfaction. Agents wanted. MYERS M'P'G Co., 104 John St., N.Y. 865-8

500,000 Agents Wanted to sell “Eureka Shirt-Front Holder.” Every gent buys it. Sample, 50 cts. GURNEY PROPRIETARY Co., Salem, Columbiana Co., Ohio. 864 66

LADIES! GO TO O'NEILL'S FOR MILLINERY GOODS.

NOW OPENING, a FULL LINE of NEW SPRING GOODS.

The Largest and Finest Selection in the City.

French and English Chip Hats, in all the newest shapes, \$3.50. English Round Hats and Bonnets.

RIBBONS.

Finest assortment of BONNET RIBBONS in the city, Nos. 4, 5, 7, 9, 12, 16 and 22, newest shades.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES OF SASH RIBBONS.

100 cartons 7-inch, 85c., all colors. 50 cartons Fancy Plaids, 60c., 75c., 85c. 7-inch Black Gros-Grain, \$1, \$1.10, \$1.25.

7-inch Black Sash Ribbons, 75c.; warranted all silk. 7-inch Sash Ribbons, in all shades, 95c.; sold on Broadway for \$1.25. 6½-inch Sash Ribbons, in all shades, 85c.; warranted all silk.

All the New Shades and Colors at Less than Popular Prices.

Rich Laces—Black Thread and Guipure.

MEDIUM & EXTRA QUALITY BARNES, HANDKERCHIEFS, COLLARS & SETS.

Lace Collars, 25c., 35c., 50c., 65c., 75c., 85c., 95c. Ladies should examine our Made-up Lace Goods.

Organdie Tunics, with Bretelles, from \$3 to \$5.75. Organdie Tunics, with Bretelles, with Lace, from \$7.75 and upward. Guipure Lace Sacques, Organdie Sacques, trimmed with lace, at all prices.

FLOWERS & FEATHERS.

Twenty cases Finest French Flowers, Wreaths, Head-dresses, and Feathers in all Novelties.

KID GLOVES.

200 doz. Lupin's two-button Kid Gloves, \$1. 500 doz. Lupin's two-buttons, \$1.25; worth \$1.75.

300 doz. Lupin's two-button Fancy Kid Gloves, \$1.35. Finest Kid gloves in two buttons.

All these goods are of superior quality, and every pair warranted.

LADIES' SCARFS & TIES.

Now open, the most complete assortment of SCARFS and TIES in the city, and the CHEAPEST.

N. B.—Reduction to the Trade. All Goods marked in Plain Figures.

H. O'NEILL & CO., 327 & 329 SIXTH AVENUE.

GO TO O'NEILL'S for SPRING FASHIONS.

NOVELLO'S ORIGINAL OCTAVE EDITION OF OPERAS.

Complete Vocal Scores (containing all the recitatives), with Pianoforte Accompaniment; with Italian, German, or French and English words. Published monthly. Price One Dollar; or splendidly bound in scarlet cloth, gilt edges, \$2.

Now Ready:

IL TROVATORE,
RIGOLETTO,
DON GIOVANNI,
LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR,
LUCREZIA BORGIA,
FIDELIO,
FRA DIAVOLO,
NORMA,
OBERON,
IL BARBIERE,
LE NOZZE DI FIGARO,
LA SONNAMBULA,
DER FREISCHUTZ,
TANNHAUSER,
MASANIELLO (next month).

“We, the undersigned, have used Messrs. NOVELLO, EWER & CO.'S Editions of Operas, and have much pleasure in stating that we consider them thoroughly correct and reliable.”

(Signed) E. PAREPA-ROSA,
CARL ROSA,
CHARLES SANTLEY.”

ASK FOR NOVELLO'S EDITIONS.

NOVELLO'S OPERAS may be had of any music-dealer in the country, or direct from the Publishers. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price.

NOVELLO, EWER & CO.,
751 Broadway, New York.

ASTOUNDING REVELATIONS!—A written

Chart of your whole life, past, present, and future, with a beautiful and correct picture, name, and address of future husband or wife, by the greatest living Astrologer. Inclose 25 cts. State date of birth. Address R. S. LYFORD, Box 42, Jersey City, N. J. 862-74

Meares' “PARAGON” Shirts

Made to order of Best Materials, and

WARRANTED TO FIT.

Sent by Express, C. O. D., to any part of the country, at the following rates:

6 “ Better Muslin and Good Linen, 10.50
6 “ Masonville Muslin and Fine Linen, 12.00
6 “ Wamsutta Muslin and Very Fine do. 13.00
6 “ New York Mills and Better Linen, 15.00

Directions for measurement sent on application.

FANCY SHIRTINGS IN GREAT VARIETY.

RICHARD MEARES,

Sixth Avenue and Nineteenth Street, New York.

Normal Academy of Music AT AKRON, OHIO.

The next session of this Excellent Music School commences July 9th. A corps of EMINENT INSTRUCTORS is employed. To music-teachers and all music-students RARE Advantages are offered. For Circular, address, N. COE STEWART, Cleveland, O. 866-69

Boker's Bitters! Boker's Bitters!

Nobody should be without a bottle of

“BOKER'S BITTERS,”

since an experience of more than forty-five years has proved them to be BY FAR the BEST and most EFFICACIOUS Stomach Bitters, as well as a very agreeable and pleasant cordial. Beware of counterfeits, and buy only of respectable houses.

L. FUNKE, Jr., Sole Agent,
P. O. box 1029. 66 Liberty St., New York. 855 65-cow

20 PIECES OF MUSIC

For ONE DOLLAR.

Why buy high-priced Music when you can select from our Catalogue of over 200 pieces? Any 20 pieces of Sheet Music, printed on splendid paper, arranged for the Piano, will be mailed on receipt of \$1. Catalogues free. Address, BENJ. W. HITCHCOCK, Publisher, 439 Third Avenue, near 30th Street, New York.

GO TO O'NEILL'S for SPRING FASHIONS.

LADIES! GO TO O'NEILL'S FOR MILLINERY GOODS.

NOW OPENING, a FULL LINE of NEW SPRING GOODS.

The Largest and Finest Selection in the City.

French and English Chip Hats, in all the newest shapes, \$3.50. English Round Hats and Bonnets.

RIBBONS.

Finest assortment of BONNET RIBBONS in the city, Nos. 4, 5, 7, 9, 12, 16 and 22, newest shades.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES OF SASH RIBBONS.

100 cartons 7-inch, 85c., all colors. 50 cartons Fancy Plaids, 60c., 75c., 85c. 7-inch Black Gros-Grain, \$1, \$1.10, \$1.25.

7-inch Black Sash Ribbons, 75c.; warranted all silk. 7-inch Sash Ribbons, in all shades, 95c.; sold on Broadway for \$1.25. 6½-inch Sash Ribbons, in all shades, 85c.; warranted all silk.

All the New Shades and Colors at Less than Popular Prices.

Rich Laces—Black Thread and Guipure.

MEDIUM & EXTRA QUALITY BARNES, HANDKERCHIEFS, COLLARS & SETS.

Lace Collars, 25c., 35c., 50c., 65c., 75c., 85c., 95c. Ladies should examine our Made-up Lace Goods.

Organdie Tunics, with Bretelles, from \$3 to \$5.75. Organdie Tunics, with Bretelles, with Lace, from \$7.75 and upward. Guipure Lace Sacques, Organdie Sacques, trimmed with lace, at all prices.

FLOWERS & FEATHERS.

Twenty cases Finest French Flowers, Wreaths, Head-dresses, and Feathers in all Novelties.

KID GLOVES.

200 doz. Lupin's two-button Kid Gloves, \$1. 500 doz. Lupin's two-buttons, \$1.25; worth \$1.75.

300 doz. Lupin's two-button Fancy Kid Gloves, \$1.35. Finest Kid gloves in two buttons.

All these goods are of superior quality, and every pair warranted.

LADIES' SCARFS & TIES.

Now open, the most complete assortment of SCARFS and TIES in the city, and the CHEAPEST.

N. B.—Reduction to the Trade. All Goods marked in Plain Figures.

H. O'NEILL & CO., 327 & 329 SIXTH AVENUE.

GO TO O'NEILL'S for SPRING FASHIONS.

GO TO O'NEILL'S for SPRING FASHIONS.

GO TO O'NEILL'S for SPRING FASHIONS.

GO TO O'NEILL'S for SPRING FASHIONS.



Hosiery and Undergarments
FOR SPRING & SUMMER WEAR.
A Full Assortment of every description now in stock,
at the LOWEST MARKET PRICES.

Ladies', Children's and Infants'
Furnishing Department.

Infants' Embroidered Pique Long Cloaks and
Walking Coats.
Misses' Pique Suits, Cloth Sacques and Capes.
Ladies' White Lawn, Nainsook and Cretonne
Suits.
Cambric Wrappers, Corsets, Paniers, etc.
Undergarments of every description, imported
and our own manufacture.
N. B.—Outfits complete, ready made and to order.

SPRING & SUMMER

Shawl Department.

Would call the special attention of their patrons to
this Department, which is now REPLETE with all the
Latest Novelties produced this Season,
And having placed their orders before the RECENT
LARGE INCREASE in prices in the FOREIGN MAR-
KETS, they are now enabled to offer their stock at
Much less than present market value.

NOVELTIES IN

Summer Dress Goods

Plain and Printed Paris Crenadines.
Gaze de Soies, Gaze Chambrails.
Silk and Wool Crenadines.
Crenadine Bareges.
Plain and Striped Baptiste Cloths.
Printed Organdies and Jaconets.
Printed Linen Lawns, Percales.
Cambrics, Cretonnes, Prints, Etc., Etc.

Garments.

PARIS MADE and our own well-known manufac-
ture comprising all the LATEST NOVELTIES.

Also a superb assortment of

Real Thread Lace and Llana Pointes, Jackets,
Sacques, Embroidered House and
Carriage Jackets, Etc.

WEBSTER'S
Pocket Dictionary
OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

Abridged from Webster's Quarto, illustrated with
nearly TWO HUNDRED Engravings on Wood. This
volume embraces a careful selection of more than
18,000 of the most important words of the language.
The introduction contains, besides the Pictorial Illus-
trations, Tables of Money, Weight and Meas-
ure, etc., from the Greek, the Latin, and the
Modern Foreign Languages, Rules for Spelling,
etc., etc.; making altogether the most complete
and useful Pocket Companion extant. It is
beautifully printed on tinted paper, and bound in
morocco, Tucks, gilt edges, \$1. For Sale everywhere.
Sent by mail on receipt of the price.

IVISON, BLAKEMAN, TAYLOR & CO.,
PUBLISHERS,
138 & 140 Grand Street, New York. 864-7

\$425 A MONTH—Horse and carriage furnished.
Expenses paid. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me.
869-71



I CURED MYSELF OF CONSUMPTION.
You can do so. For particulars address, with \$1
for advertisement, stationery, etc., REV. EDWARD
HOLLAND, Baltimore, Md. 856-68

THE
Young Housekeeper's Friend.
BY MRS. CORNELIUS.

The most reliable Cook-Book and guide for the
duties of the household published. Price \$1.50. In-
terested, \$2.25. For sale by all Booksellers. Sent by
mail on receipt of price.
THOMPSON, BIGELOW & BROWN, Publishers,
866-69 Boston.

COLLINS'
Watch Factory



The Collins Metal Watches

This cut represents the size and
appearance of one of our \$25 watches
and \$12 chains. These watches, for accuracy of time, and
in appearance, fully equal gold watches costing \$250. Some
of our watches that have been used on railroads have not varied
one minute in six months. We make three qualities—prices \$15,
\$20 and \$25—all Patent Levers, Full Jeweled, in Hunting Cases.
Chains \$2 to \$12, according to weight and finish. Every one of
our make of watches is guaranteed by special certificate. When
six watches are ordered at one time, we send a seventh one free.
We have all kinds of Jewelry of our same unequalled COLLINS
METAL. Goods sent by Express to be paid for on delivery; or, if
post-office orders be sent, they will be sent registered and free by
mail. The genuine Collins Watches can only be obtained by order-
ing direct from us. We have no traveling agents. C. E. COLLINS
& CO., No. 335 Broadway, New York. State you saw this in FRANK
LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

DEGRAAF & TAYLOR,
87 and 89 Bowery, 65 Chrystie, and 130 and 132 Hester Street, New York,
(Branch Store, 81 Fourth Avenue.)

STILL CONTINUE TO KEEP THE LARGEST STOCK OF

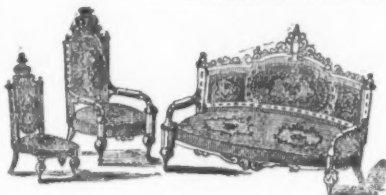
PARLOR, DINING AND BEDROOM

Furniture, Carpets,

Oil-Cloths, Mattresses,

Spring-Beds, Etc.,

Of any House in the United States, which they offer
at Retail and Wholesale prices. 860-72



Season of Grand Operatic

Instrumental Performances.

Given throughout the U. S.

\$400,000

DISTRIBUTED AMONG TICKET-HOLDERS.

First Present, \$75,000 in Gold!

Every one receives the full value of his money, with
chance of a fortune.
A Handsome Gift with every ticket at the time of
purchase.

TWENTY THOUSAND PRESENTS!

A BOOK WITH ONE TICKET.
A WATCH WITH FIVE TICKETS.
A SEWING-MACHINE WITH TEN TICKETS.
Given at time of purchase.

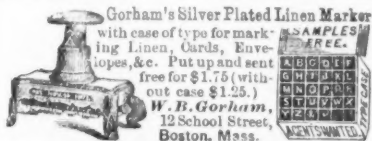
Tickets, \$5 each, with Premium, sent to any Express
Office, C. O. D.

"The last performance, on the 19th of March, was
fully up to that given by the Strakosch Company with
Nilsson."—Brooklyn Eagle, N. Y.
Performances will shortly be given in Boston, New
Haven, Providence, etc. Send for Programme to

GRAND OPERA CO.,

129 FULTON ST., NEW YORK.

Storekeepers wanted as Agents.



MOTHERS,

NESTLÉ'S LACTEAL FARINA.

The Mother's Milk Substitute.

Extensively used and recommended

by the most eminent physicians.

Sold by Druggists and Grocers.

H. ASTIE & Co., Sole Agents,

15 South William Street, New York.

INFANTS.

ORIENT SAFETY LAMPS,

Entirely of metal, are the only lamps in

use which can neither break, leak, nor

explode. Are ornamental and cheap

Adapted to all household uses; also, to

stores, factories, churches, etc.

AGENTS MAKE \$10 A DAY

SELLING THESE LAMPS.

Manufactured by

WALLACE & SONS,

89 Chambers St., New York. 858-70

BOARD AND RESIDENCE offered to a
lady or gentleman in the house of a clergyman,
at Torquay, Devonshire. Every comfort; good so-
ciety. Terms, five guineas a week. Address, Mrs. C.,
Post Office, St. Mary's Church, Torquay, Devon, Eng-
land.

\$10 from 50¢

12 SAMPLES sent (postage paid) for Fifty Cents, that
retail easily for Ten Dollars. R. L. WOLCOTT, N. Y.

MYSTERY!—By sending 35c. and date of birth,
I will send you a correct picture of your future
husband or wife, with name and date of marriage;
also the Mysteries of Love, Courtship and Marriage
sent. Address D. C. CUTLER, Carthage, Ill. 86-8

ROYAL HAVANA
LOTTERY OF CUBA.

Conducted by the SPANISH GOV-
ERNMENT. \$330,000 in GOLD.

Drawn every Seventeen Days. Prizes

paid in Gold, and Information fur-

nished. Orders solicited and promptly

filled. The highest rates paid for Doubloons and all

kinds of Gold and Silver; also for all Government

Securities. TAYLOR & CO., Bankers, 16 Wall St., N. Y.



Selling from New York on SATURDAYS, from
Liverpool on Thursdays, and Cork Harbor the day
following.
From the White Star Dock, Paveona Ferry, Jersey City.
Passenger accommodations (for all classes) un-
rivalled, combining
SAFETY, SPEED, AND COMFORT.
Saloons, state-rooms, smoking-room, and bath-
rooms in midship section, where least motion is
felt. Surgeons and stewardesses accompany these
steamers.
RATES—Saloon, \$50 gold. Steerage, \$30 currency.
Those wishing to send for friends from the Old Coun-
try can now obtain steerage prepaid certificates, \$33
currency.
Passengers booked to or from all parts of America,
to Paris, Hamburg, Norway, Sweden, India, Australia,
China, etc.
Excursion tickets granted at lowest rates.
Draughts from \$1 upward.
For inspection of plans and other information, apply
at the Company's offices, No. 19 Broadway, New York.
J. H. SPARKS, Agent.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES:

The American Gentleman's Newspaper.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$5.00.

SINGLE COPIES, 15 CENTS.

Published Weekly, in Handsome Form.

This Journal is devoted to Field Sports, Accounts of
Exploration and Adventure, the Current History and
Philosophy of the Turf, the Science of Breeding and
Raising Running and Trotting Horses, Yachting, in-
cluding the science of construction, Hunting, Fishing,
Billiards, the Stage, and the Literature of the day.

An especial feature is THE VETERINARY DEPART-
MENT. One of the most able and successful Veterin-
ary Surgeons of the age answers questions and gives
directions and prescriptions, gratis, for the relief and
cure of Horses, Cattle, Dogs, etc., suffering from dis-
ease or injury by accident. Hundreds of subscribers
declare this Department to be WORTH THE WHOLE
SUBSCRIPTION.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES
also gives carefully considered Answers, judicial in
their nature and thoroughly impartial, to questions in
dispute among gentlemen, and submitted by the
parties for authoritative decision.

GEORGE WILKES, Editor and Proprietor.

866-68 3 Park Row, N. Y.

ASTHMA! A CURE SPEEDILY EF-
FECTED. In order to place
UPHAM'S ASTHMA CURE with-
in the reach of every person afflicted with
Asthma, the price has been reduced to 50 cents per
box. By mail, 75 cents. Trial package free. Address,
S. C. UPHAM, 25 South Eighth St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Sold by all Druggists. 857-71

GET THE ONLY STANDARD BOOK of the kind
published. A \$100 saved yearly by all who possess it.
can be made by Agents in
canvassing for YOUNG'S
DICTIONARY OF EVERY-
DAY WORDS, containing

20,000 Receipts in every Department of Human Effort,
than in any other possible way. From \$15 to \$40
a week insured. It is for every Housekeeper, Farmer,
Trade and Profession. For the Sick and Well. A
reliable book of permanent value to every wide-
awake, progressive person. It sells itself. Extra
terms. Address, F. M. REED, 139 Eighth Street,
New York. 855-67

MONEY MADE RAPIDLY with Stencil and Key
Check Outfits. Catalogues, samples and
full particulars FREE. S. M. SPENCER, Brattleboro, Vt.
850-901

AGENTS Wanted.—Agents make more money at
work for us than at anything else. Particulars free.
G. STINSON & Co., Fine Art Publishers, Portland, Maine.

\$200
per
Month
Made

SELLING MY
NEW and POPULAR
U. S. and State Maps,
Pictorial Charts, Books,
Prints, etc.

In demand everywhere. Small
capital required. Please say
where you saw this advertise-
ment, and write for catalogue
to E. C. BRIDGMAN,
5 Barclay St., N. Y.

NOTICE!!
OUR ONLY PLACE OF BUSINESS



ELDER & BROWN,

Nos. 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451 and 452 West St.
Between 11th and 12th Sts.

NEW YORK, April 1, 1872.

All persons are hereby warned not to manufacture,
buy, sell or use any carriage for children, with
spring front, or silver handle, in violation of our
patents, as all such will be prosecuted, wherever
found, to the full extent of the law. All our car-
riages have our name and address in full.

ELDER & BROWN,
No. 450 West Street,
New York.

DEALERS SEND FOR CIRCULAR. [867-68]

Holloway's Pills.—These Pills alone,
among all the medicines in existence, possess the
property of cleansing and regulating the bowels and
purifying the animal fluids without depressing either
body or mind. Sold 78 Maiden Lane, N. Y. Price,
25 cents per box. Ask for new style; the old is coun-
terfeited.

A SENSATION FOR ALL.—Get
that wonderful
mammoth illus-
trated paper of 40 columns of curiosities, exciting
stories, wonderful yarns and legends, and rare things
sure to please. Sample copy, 6 cents. Sent on trial
three months for 15 cents. Nothing like it. Chromos
gratis. Address, C. MACKEY, No. 90 Centre St., New
York. 864-67

A Great Offer. HORACE WATERS,
451 Broadway, N. Y.,
WILL DISPOSE of One Hundred
PIANOS, MELODEONS, and ORGANS of six
first-class makers, including Waters', at EXTREMELY
LOW PRICES, FOR CASH, DURING THIS MONTH, or will
take a small portion cash, and balance in monthly or
quarterly installments.

PORTABLE
SODA FOUNTAINS
\$40, \$50, \$75 and \$100.
GOOD, DURABLE, AND CHEAP
SHIPPED READY FOR USE.
Manufactured by
J. W. CHAPMAN & CO.,
Madison, Ind.
Send for Circular. 861-73

THE
"Chimney Corner"
PRIZE NOVEL
AND
PRIZE STORIES.

To draw out the finest efforts of our writers of
fiction, FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER some
months since offered a series of Prizes, amounting to
several thousand dollars, for the best Novels and Tales.
The result has justified their anticipations, and the

FIFTEENTH VOLUME
OF THE

"CHIMNEY CORNER,"
JUST COMMENCED,

Will, in addition to the many attractive features which
have rendered it such a

FAVORITE WITH AMERICAN FAMILIES,

Begin, in No. 366, issued May 20th, the

\$1,500 PRIZE NOVEL,

THE BIRTH-MARK,

BY ETTA W. PIERCE.

In this we can assure all readers of fiction that they
will find A REMARKABLE NOVEL—one that justly
bore away the palm from a large number of talented
competitors, most of them novels far superior to many
that meet favor with the reading public. In succeed-
ing numbers will be given the

COMPLETE PRIZE TALES,

a series of highly-wrought stories, of great variety and
uncommon merit.

To the lovers of fiction we can promise, in the
Novels and Tales that will enrich our Fifteenth
Volume, the very finest intellectual treat ever yet
offered to a discerning public. All who desire a col-
lection of stories in which plot, character, dramatic
situation, felicitous description and intense interest
enchain the reader's attention to the close, will look
forward to the forthcoming numbers of the CHIMNEY
CORNER.

With No. 366 will begin, also, a series of CHROMO-
LITHOGRAPHIC GIFT PLATES, executed especially
for us in Europe, and remarkably popular in subject
and in workmanship. They are pictures that will be
a source of pleasure in every household.

With No. 366 will be given

"PEEP! BO!"

With No. 367,

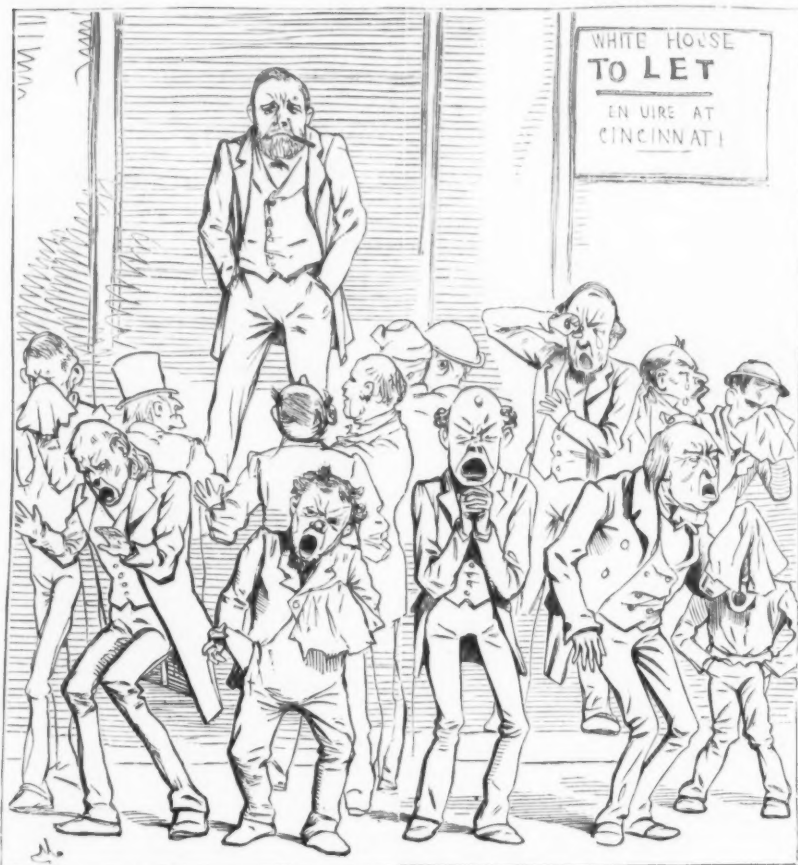
"GRANDMOTHER FIRST, AND THEN
THE CHILDREN."

With No. 368,

"WHAT WILL THE ANSWER BE?"

THE CHIMNEY CORNER is issued every Monday,
and can be had at all news depots, price ten cents.
Subscriptions—\$4 per annum, or \$1 for three
months—should be addressed,

FRANK LESLIE,
337 Pearl St., New York.



MOVING TIME HAS COME—A MAY-DAY SUGGESTION.

New York, 20 Wall Street.

PHILADELPHIA,
114 South Third Street.WASHINGTON,
15th St., opp. U. S. Treasury.

DRAW

Foreign Exchange, Cable Transfers,

ISSUE

Commercial and Traveling Credits,

AND

Execute Orders for Securities both here and in Europe.

Our Traveling Credits, available in all parts of the world, can be procured at either of our offices, or through our correspondents, banks and bankers in the United States and Canada.

Jay Cooke, McCulloch & Co.,

41 LOMBARD STREET, LONDON.

SAPOLIO—The Best and Cheapest Article in the World for
Cleans windows, scours knives and table-
ware, removes stains from marble, and
rust from all metals.

SAVES time, labor, material and expense.

[COWO]

HOUSE
CLEANING

BLEES

NOISELESS,
LOCK-STITCH
FAMILYSewing Machine.
Challenges the
world in perfection
of work, strength
and beauty of
stitch, durability of
construction, and
rapidity of motion.
Call and examine.
Send for circular.
Agents wanted.BLEES S. M. CO.,
623 Broadway, N.Y.
861-0-1fDiseases of the Liver have a peculiar de-
pressing effect on the mind. If you would have a
sound liver and high spirits, take DR. WALKER'S
VINEGAR BITTERS.

CRANE & COMPANY,
IMPORTERS OF AND DEALERS IN
FANCY GROCERIES,
190 Fulton Street, New York.

Sole Agents for the United States and Canadas, for
BATTY & CO., London, Celebrated English Pickles
and Sauces; WILLIAM CORRY & CO., Belfast, Ire-
land, Unrivalled Ginger Ale; and proprietors of Hill's
East India Manioca. 867-02-0

**A KEY THAT
WILL WIND ANY WATCH**

AND LAST A LIFE TIME.

Ask any watchmaker for it. Samples sent by mail
for 50 cents. J. BIRCH, 37 Maiden Lane, N. Y.
864-67-0**E. P. Gleason Manufacturing Co.**

MAKE

Gas Burners of Every Description,
Street and Fancy Lanterns, etc., etc.
135 MERCER STREET, N. Y. 865-67-0

MICROSCOPES

For Scientific Investigations and the Entertainment
of the Family Circle. Illustrated Price List sent free
on application. McALLISTER, Optician, 49 Nassau
Street, N. Y. 867-77-0-cow

1500 REWARD is offered by
the proprietor of Dr. Sage's
Catarrh Remedy for a case of
"Cold in Head," Catarrh or
Ozena, which he cannot cure.
Sold by Druggists at 50 cts.

**GERMAN
GOVERNMENT LOTTERIES,
AND
ROYAL HAVANA LOTTERY.**

Wachsmann & Co., Bankers,

P.O. Box 3,316.

12, 14, and 16 John St., N. Y.

865-77-0

Agents make \$20 a day

Selling our Patent Button-Hole Cutter, with silver
case 25 cents; will last a lifetime. Cuts 20 Correct
Button-holes a minute any size. Patent Fountain
Pen and XX Yosemite Gold Pen. Samples of all with
Circulars, postpaid, for 25 cents. City Novelty Co.,
404 Library, Philadelphia, Pa. 863-69-cow

Agents ---Wanted
\$75 to \$250 per month, every
male and female, to introduce the GENUINE
IMPROVED COMMON SENSE FAMILY SEW-
ING MACHINE. This Machine will stitch, hem,
fell, tuck, quilt, cord, blind, braid and embroider
in a most superior manner. Price only \$15.
Fully licensed and warranted for five years. We
will pay \$1,000 for any machine that will sew a
stronger, more beautiful or more elastic seam
than ours. It makes the "Elastic Lock Stitch."
Every second stitch can be cut, and still the cloth
cannot be pulled apart without tearing it. We
pay agents from \$75 to \$50 per month and ex-
penses, or a commission from which twice that
amount can be made. Address, SECOMB & CO.,
Boston, Mass.; Pittsburgh, Pa.; Chicago, Ill.,
or St. Louis, Mo. 868-70-0

**ROYAL SAXON
GOVERNMENT LOTTERY**
At Leipzig, Germany. 47,500 prizes.
ROYAL HAVANA LOTTERY.
THEODOR ZSCHOCK,
P. O. Box 6080, 116 Nassau St., New York. 1f-0

\$300,000!

MISSOURI STATE LOTTERY.

Legalized by State Authority and Drawn in
Public in St. Louis.Grand Single Number Scheme.
50,000 NUMBERS.

Class D, to be Drawn April 30, 1872.

5,880 Prizes, Amounting to \$300,000.

1 prize of... \$50,000	500 prizes of... \$ 100
1 prize of... 13,450	9 prizes of... 1,000
1 prize of... 10,000	9 prizes of... 500
1 prize of... 7,500	9 prizes of... 300
4 prizes of... 5,000	9 prizes of... 250
4 prizes of... 2,500	36 prizes of... 200
20 prizes of... 1,000	36 prizes of... 150
20 prizes of... 500	180 prizes of... 100
40 prizes of... 540	5,000 prizes of... 10

Tickets, \$10. Half Tickets, \$5.
Quarters, \$2.50.

Our lotteries are chartered by the State, are
always drawn at the time named, and all drawings
are under the supervision of sworn commissioners.
The official drawing will be published in the
St. Louis papers, and a copy sent to purchasers of
tickets.

We will draw a similar scheme the last day of
every month during the year 1872.Remit at our risk by POST-OFFICE MONEY
ORDERS, REGISTERED LETTER, DRAFT or EX-
PRESS. Send for a circular. Address,

MURRAY, MILLER & CO.,

Post-Office Box 2446. [865-66-0] St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS and Canvassers, Address the Acme Linen
Marker Co., 33 Barclay St., for circulars, samples,
etc., of the only reliable Linen Marker ever invented.
1f-0

\$150,000 IN CASH PRIZES.

Highest Prize, \$50,000.

In Aid of the Sick and Destitute.

The Mercy Hospital drawing will positively be made
May 30th. Tickets, \$3 each, or two for \$5, sent C.O.D.
Address, PATTEE & GARDNER, Omaha, Neb., or
PATTEE & CO., 114 Broadway, New York city. 867-680

HILLS ARCHIMEDEAN

LAWN MOWER.

IN placing this LAWN MOWER
before the public for the season of
1872, it needs no recommendation, as it
has acquired a world-wide celebrity.
With the improvements recently added
to this favorite Mower, we are fully war-
ranted in saying IT HAS NO EQUAL IN
THE WORLD! And its immense sale
for the last 30 days throughout the United
States is sufficient proof of the above as-
sertion and of its great superiority.
This LAWN MOWER is constructed upon
truly scientific principles, and is the
only perfectly balanced Lawn Mower
ever made; operated by a Ball and AD-
JUSTABLE HANDLE, points that are in-
dispensable, securing ease of operation
and a perfect, beautiful, level cut. The
Hills "Archimedeian" was the first (and
original) balanced Lawn Mower invented
in this country, or any other; was pa-
tented in the United States and Great
Britain, and its invention brought into
general use a machine that is now a
necessity and almost an indispensable
article. All others now made are copies
of this machine, and the public are cau-
tioned against them. For sale by all the
leading Seedsmen and Agricultural Im-
plement Dealers throughout the United
States and Canada. Illustrated Cata-
logues and Testimonials post-free upon
application to us or any of our agents.
Manufactured by THE HILLS "ARCHI-
MEDEAN" LAWN MOWER CO., Hart-
ford, Conn. (Works at Colt's Armory.)



865-67-cow-0

A Harvest of Diamonds

Has rewarded the toil of certain lucky adventurers under the burning sun of
Africa; but what is the value of the rarest gem that ever glittered in crown
or turban, when compared with that of a medicinal remedy that cures dys-
pepsia and biliousness, restores the appetite, regulates the disordered bowels,
and tones and invigorates the whole vital system? Science has bestowed
upon the world this inestimable gift in

TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT,
which is to all other preparations of its class what the diamond is among
jewels, and when foaming in the goblet of the fevered invalid, as bright and
sparkling. Sold by all druggists.



PRICE \$290.
You ask WHY we can sell
First Class 7 Octavo Pianos for
\$290? We answer—it costs
less than \$300 to make any \$600
Piano sold through Agents, all
of whom make 100 per cent. profit.
We have no Agents, but ship
direct to families at Factory
price, and warrant Five Years.
Send for illustrated circular, in
which we refer to 300 Bankers,
Merchants, &c. (some of whom
you may know) using our Pianos in 40 States and Territories.
U. S. Piano Co., 865 Broadway, New York.

WARD'S,
PERFECT FITTING
SHIRTS.

Self-Measure for Shirts.

Printed Directions for Self-Measurement, List of
Prices, and Drawings of different Styles of Shirts and
Collars sent free every where.

E. M. & WM. WARD.

862 Broadway, cor. Union Square;

ALSO,

387 Broadway, New York.

INSURE YOUR PLATE GLASS

Against all accidental or malicious breakage. Terms
supplied on application to NEW YORK PLATE GLASS
INSURANCE CO., 194 Broadway, New York. 1f-0Deafness and Catarrh cured by the In-
dian Remedy that cured me. Samples sent for \$1, or
receipt sent free. MRS. MARY C. LEGGETT, Jersey
City, N. J.ON ACCOUNT of the DISSOLUTION of
the COPARTNERSHIP heretofore existing,

BALL, BLACK & CO.,

565 and 567 Broadway,

Inform their friends and the public that they are
closing out their entire stock with as little delay as
possible, at prices that will be an inducement for all
to purchase from them. They have also a very large
stock of unset stones—diamonds, emeralds, rubies,
cameos, etc.—which they will set, to order, at unusu-
ally low rates. The Silver manufactory will be con-
tinued for a short time, to enable them to meet any
demands in that line. 1f-0



"OF LATE YEARS IT HAS BECOME
almost impossible to get any Cod Liver Oil
that patients can digest, owing to the objectionable
mode of procuring and preparing the livers. * * *
MOLLER, of Christiania, Norway, prepares an oil which
is perfectly pure, and in every respect all that can be
wished."—Dr. L. A. Sayre, before Academy of Medi-
cine. (See Medical Record, December, 1869, p. 447.)

CUNDURANGO.
Price Reduced!

Being assured of an ample
supply of the Cundurango
Bark, heretofore the price of
BLISS, KEENE & CO.'S
FLUID EXTRACT is re-
duced to \$3 per bottle.
This wonderful remedy
cures Cancer, Scrofula,
Rheumatism, Catarrh, Con-
sumption, Ulcers, Salt
Rheum, Syphilitic and all
Chronic Blood Diseases.
It is the Best Blood Purifier known. Send for
a circular. Office, No. 60 Cedar Street, New York. 0

Hearburn, Flatulence, gnawing in the
Stomach, pain and rumbling in the bowels, craving
for stimulants, disappear when DR. WALKER'S VINE-
GAR BITTERS are taken. 0

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING.

PEARL SELF-INKING PRESS; a new and
valuable invention for job and amateur
printing. Printing Presses and Outfits
from \$10 upward. Send stamp for illus-
trated Catalogue. Printer Manufg Co.,
14 Kilby St., Boston, Mass. 866-8-0

Geo. Steck & Co.'s



PIANOS.

Are the CHEAPEST, because the BEST and MOST
DURABLE, instruments made.

Warerooms, 25 East Fourteenth St., N.Y.

867-60-0

TRAVELERS

LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE
COMPANY, of Hartford, Conn. Cash
Assets, \$2,000,000. Grants LIFE and
ENDOWMENT Policies, of all ap-
proved forms. Ample Security, Low
Rates. Also insures against ACCI-
DENTS, causing death or total disa-
bility. Policies written by the year or
month. Has paid \$700 per day for
8 Years in benefits to policy-holders. 0